



Arnold Vanhaeckhen delin: Giles King sculp.

THE
REVENGE,
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*,
By His MAJESTY's Servants.

By E. YOUNG, LL.D.

Manet alta mente repostum.

Virg.



LONDON:

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MDCCXXV.





To his GRACE the
Duke of WHARTON.

My LORD,



ERE I a Stranger to Your GRACE, I should not be afraid to solicit Your Patronage, since you have taken the Politer Arts into your Protection; and They who endeavour to excel in them, are, in effect, making their Court to You. But I can plead more than a Common Title to this Honour. Your GRACE has been pleas'd to make Yourself Accessory to the following Scenes, not only by suggesting the most beautiful Incident in them, but by

A 3. making

The Dedication.

making all possible Provision for the Success of the Whole. Your great Delicacy of Taste in Compositions of this kind, has so assisted this Poem; and the Indulgence of Your Nature has so endeavoured to shorten the great Distance between Your GRACE and its Author, that I have sometimes been scarce able to consider You in any other Light, than as one entirely devoted to these Amusements, and pursuing the same Studies with my self.

THE World, which is large in Your Praises of another Nature, will be surpriz'd to hear me speak of Your GRACE in this manner. They talk of One abounding in all the Grace and Power of Publick Eloquence, and eminently furnish'd with Those particular Talents, which qualify for shining in the Highest Stations, and influencing the National Welfare: Of One, who made a Name in Senates in his Minority; and who now, at an Age which in some well-constituted States would exclude him their Grand Council, has finish'd a Reputation in that of *Great Britain*; and gain'd Those for his greatest Admirers, who are Themselves most admir'd There: One, who Through this whole Memorable Session

The Dedication.

Session has acted in the Spirit of a *Regulus*, vigorously opposing Measures, in which he might have found his private Advantage, and exerting the noblest Indignation and Contempt for those, who, like the Old *Carthaginians*, were equally famous for their Riches, and their Faith. One who, if he advances in Proportion to his first Degree of Glory, shall not thank Posterity for ranking Him with the most Celebrated this Nation has produc'd, tho' His great Father be in the Number of them.

HIS Country may with Pleasure reflect, that when he has any thing of Moment in his View, there is Nothing, which can either break his Resolution, tire his Activity, or limit his Expence. His Spirit encreases on Resistance, and like a great Flame, it burns the stronger, and shines the brighter, in proportion to the Violence of the Storm that offends it. In the present troubled State of Affairs, in which the Nation fluctuates, how has he strove against the Power of Wind and Tide to assist Her into Harbour; while some have endeavoured to tear Her to Pieces, in order to provide for their private Safety, and swim ashore on her Ruins!

The Dedication.

THUS speaks the World. I, My LORD, whose Knowledge of Your GRACE lies more in private Life, can tell them, in Return, of One, who can animate his Country Retirement with a kind of Pleasures, sometimes unknown to Persons of Distinction in that Scene: Who can divide the longest Day into a Variety of Polite and Useful Studies, and appoint the Great Men of Antiquity their stated Hours, to receive (if I may so speak) their Audience of Him: Who is an excellent Master of their History in particular, and observing how Nature in a Course of Years is apt to come round again, and tread in her own Footsteps; Has a Happiness in applying the Facts or Characters of Antient, to Modern Times; which requires a beautiful Mixture of Learning, and Genius; and a Mind equally knowing in Books and Men: Who can carry, from his Studies, such a Life into Conversation, that Wine seems only an Interruption of Wit: Who has as many Subjects to talk of, as proper Matter on those Subjects, as much Wit to adorn that Matter, and as many Languages to produce it so adorn'd, as any of the Age in which he lives. And yet so sweet his
Dis-

The Dedication.

Disposition, that no one ever wish'd his Abilities less, but such as flatter'd themselves with the Hope of Shining when near him.

BUT there are still superior Qualities, which I am oblig'd to remember, as is the Society to which I belong, and to return Him our Thanks for his late Donation to it. Which is so Noble, that it had laid us under the greatest Obligation, though it had been from Another: Though it had been from one whose Quality and Character would have made a far less Addition to it; and who had not by the most graceful and engaging manner of conferring it, more than doubled its Value. Such Benefactors are peculiarly fit for a Seat of Learning, whose Fame can awaken and exercise the Genius of the Place, while their Munificence encrease and adorn the Structures of it. As for my own particular Obligations to Him, I shall not endeavour to express My self in Words; but beg leave to refer him to the whole future Course of my Life for my Sense of them. My present Fortune is his Bounty, and my future his Care; which, I will venture to say, will be always remembred to His

The Dedication.

Honour, since He, I know, intended His Generosity as an Encouragement to Merit, though (through his very pardonable Partiality to one who bears him so sincere a Duty and Respect) I happen to receive the Benefit of it.

THEY who are acquainted with Your GRACE, will be of Opinion, that I make your Goodness but an ill Return by the Liberty I now take. But though it be true, that They who merit Praise most, affect it least; it is also true, that to commend what is excellent is a Debt We owe the Publick. In Regard to which, how ill soever You may relish it, I have made no Scruple to use You as You Deserve: And, my Comfort is, I can take Refuge in Your Lordship's own Example, for preferring the Publick before You.

But, if You are still dissatisfy'd, I shall only say, it is hard, that Your GRACE should join with Your Enemies (who will equally dislike it) against Me. For Enemies, My LORD, You have; nor are your Friends concern'd for it. All Shining Accomplishments will be for ever either Lov'd, or Envy'd; and, next to the Person who
pays

The Dedication.

pays You his Esteem, He bears the best Testimony to the Superiority of Your Character, who hates You for it. I give You Joy of those Foes Your great Qualities have made: And I congratulate You in a particular manner, that They are the most inveterate to Your GRACE, whom Your Country pursues with her greatest Dislike. It is no Reflection on those who are most in Your Interest, to wish They may be able to contribute more to Your Glory.

I am,

My LORD,

Your Grace's most Dutiful

and most Humble Servant,

E. YOUNG.



PROLOGUE.

By a Friend.



O *F*^r*T* has the Buskin'd Muse, with Action
mean,
Debas'd the Glory of the Tragic Scene :
While puny Villains drest in Purple Pride,
With Crimes obscene the Heav'n-born Rage bely'd.

To her belongs to mourn the Hero's Fate,
To trace the Errors of the Wise and Great ;
To mark th' Excess of Passions too refin'd,
And paint the Tumults of a God-like Mind ;
Where mix'd with Rage, exalted Thoughts combine,
And darkest Deeds with beauteous Colours shine.

Such Lights and Shades in a well-mingl'd Draught,
By curious Touch of artful Pencils wrought,
With soft Deceit amuse the doubtful Eye,
Pleas'd with the Conflict of the various Dye.

Thus thro' the following Scenes with sweet Surprise,
Virtue and Guilt in dread Confusion rise,
And Love and Hate, at once, and Grief and Joy,
Pity and Rage, their mingl'd Force imploy.

Here the soft Virgin sees with secret Shame,
Her Charms excell'd by Friendship's purer Flame,

Forc'd

PROLOGUE.

*Forc'd with reluctant Virtue to approve,
The generous Heroe who rejects her Love.*

*Behold him There with gloomy Passions stain'd,
A Wife suspected, and an injur'd Friend;
Yet such the Toil where Innocence is caught,
That rash Suspicion seems without a Fault.
We dread a while lest Beauty should succeed,
And almost wish ev'n Virtue's self may bleed.*

*Mark well the black Revenge, the cruel Guile,
The Traitor-fiend trampling the lovely Spoil
Of Beauty, Truth, and Innocence oppress,
Then let the Rage of Furies fire your Breast.*

*Yet may his mighty Wrongs, his just Disdain,
His bleeding Country, his lov'd Father slain,
His Martial Pride your Admiration raise,
And crown him with involuntary Praise.*



Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Don Alonzo, the Spanish</i>	}	<i>Mr. Booth.</i>
<i>General,</i>		
<i>Don Carlos, his Friend,</i>		<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>
<i>Don Alvarez, a Courtier,</i>		<i>Mr. Thurmond.</i>
<i>Don Manuel, Attendant of</i>	}	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
<i>Don Carlos,</i>		
<i>Zanga, a Captive Moor,</i>		<i>Mr. Mills.</i>

W O M E N.

Leonora, Alvarez's Daughter, Mrs. Porter.
Isabella, the Moor's Mistress, Mrs. Horton.

SCENE, SPAIN.

THE



THE
REVENGE.



ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Zanga.

ZANGA.



HE THER first Nature, or long want
of Peace, (tell ;
Has wrought my Mind to this, I cannot
But Horrors now are not displeasing to
me:
I like this rocking of the Battlements.
Rage on, ye Winds, burst Clouds, and Waters roar !
You bear a just Resemblance of my Fortune,
And suit the gloomy Habit of my Soul.

Enter

Enter Isabella.

Who's there ? My Love !

Ifab. Why have you left my Bed ?
Your Absence more affrights me than the Storm.

Zan. The Dead alone in such a Night can rest,
And I indulge my Meditation here.
Woman, away. I choose to be alone.

Ifab. I know you do, and therefore will not leave you ;
Excuse me, *Zanga*, therefore dare not leave you.
Is this a Night for Walks of Contemplation ?
Something unusual hangs upon your Heart,
And I will know it : By our Loves, I will.
To you I sacrific'd my Virgin Fame ;
Ask I too much, to share in your Distress ?

Zan. In Tears ? Thou Fool ! then hear me, and be
In Hell's Abyss, if ever it escape thee. (plung'd
'To strike thee with Astonishment at once,
I hate *Alonzo*. First recover that,
And then thou shalt hear farther.

Ifab. Hate *Alonzo* !
I own, I thought *Alonzo* most your Friend,
And that he lost the Master in that Name.

Zan. Hear then. 'Tis twice three Years since that
Great Man
(Great let me call him ; for he conquer'd Me)
Made me the Captive of his Arm in Fight.
He slew my Father, and threw Chains o'er me,
While I with pious Rage pursu'd Revenge.
I then, was young, he plac'd me near his Person,
And thought me not dishonour'd by his Service.
One Day (may that returning Day be Night,
The Stain, the Curse of each succeeding Year)
For something, or for nothing, in his Pride
He struck me (While I tell it, do I live ?)

He

He smote me on the Cheek ——— I did not stab him ;
For that were poor Revenge — E'er since, his Folly
Has strove to bury it beneath a heap
Of Kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot.
Insolent Thought! and like a second Blow!
Affronts are innocent, where Men are worthless ;
And such alone can wisely drop Revenge.

Isab. But with more Temper, *Zanga*, tell your Story :
To see your strong Emotions startles me.

Zan. Yes, Woman, with the Temper that befits it.
Has the dark Adder Venom ? So have I
When trod upon. Proud *Spaniard*, thou shalt feel me !
For from that Day, that Day of my Dishonour,
I from that Day have curs'd the rising Sun,
Which never fail'd to tell me of my Shame.
I from that Day have blest the coming Night,
Which promis'd to conceal it; but in vain ;
The Blow return'd for ever in my Dream.
Yet on I toil'd, and groan'd for an Occasion
Of ample Vengeance ; none is yet arriv'd.
Howe'er at present I conceive warm Hopes
Of what may wound him sore, in his Ambition,
Life of his Life, and dearer than his Soul.
By nightly March he purpos'd to surprize
The *Moorish* Camp; but I have taken Care
They shall be ready to receive his Favour.
Failing in this, a Cast of utmost Moment,
Would darken all the Conquests he has won.

Isab. Just as I enter'd an Express arriv'd.

Zan. To whom ?

Isab. His Friend, Don *Carlos*.

Zan. Be Propitious,
O *Mahomet*, on this important Hour,
And give at length my famish'd Soul Revenge !
What is Revenge, but Courage to call in
Our Honour's Debts, and Wisdom to convert

Other's

Other's Self-love into our own Protection?
 But see, the Morning Ray breaks in upon us,
 I'll seek Don *Carlos*, and enquire my Fate. [Exeunt.

Enter Manuel and Don Carlos.

Man. My Lord Don *Carlos*, what brings your Express?

Car. *Alonzo's* Glory, and the *Moors* Defeat.

The Field is strow'd with twice ten thousand slain,

Tho' he suspects his Measures were betray'd.

He'll soon arrive. O, how I long to embrace

The first of Heroes, and the best of Friends! —

I lov'd fair *Leonora* long before

The Chance of Battle gave me to the *Moors*,

From whom so late *Alonzo* set me free;

And while I groan'd in Bondage, I deputed

This Great *Alonzo*, whom her Father honours,

To be my gentle Advocate in Love,

To stir her Heart, and fan its Fires for me.

Man. And what Success?

Car. Alas, the cruel Maid —

Indeed, her Father, who tho' high at Court,

And powerful with the King, has Wealth at Heart,

To heal his Devastations from the *Moors*,

Knowing I'm richly freighted from the *East*,

My Fleet now sailing in the fight of *Spain*,

(Heav'n guard it safe thro' such a dreadful Storm)

Careless me, and urges her to wed.

Man. Her aged Father

Leads her this way.

Car. She looks like radiant Truth,

Brought forth by the Hand of hoary Time —

You to the Port with speed, 'tis possible

Some Vessel is arriv'd, Heav'n grant it bring

Tidings, which *Carlos* may receive with Joy.

Enter

Enter Alvarez and Leonora.

Alv. Don Carlos, I am labouring in your Favour
With all a Parent's soft Authority,
And earnest Counsel.

Car. Angels second you;
For all my Bliss or Misery hangs on it.

Alv. Daughter, the Happiness of Life depends
On our Discretion, and a prudent Choice;
Look into those they call unfortunate,
And closer view'd, you'll find they are unwise:
Some Flaw in their own Conduct lies beneath,
And 'tis the Trick of Fools to save their Credit,
Which brought another Language into Use.
Don Carlos is of ancient, noble Blood,
And then his Wealth might mend a Prince's Fortune.
For him the Sun is labouring in the Mines,
A faithful Slave, and turning Earth to Gold.
His Keels are freighted with that sacred Pow'r,
By which ev'n Kings and Emperors are made.
Sir, you have my good Wishes, and I hope [To Car.
My Daughter is not indispos'd to hear you. [Ex. Alv.

Car. O Leonora! why art thou in Tears?
Because I am less wretched than I was?
Before your Father gave me leave to woo you,
Hush'd was your Bosom, and your Eye serene.
Will you for ever help me to new Pains,
And keep Reserves of Torment in your Hand,
To let them loose on every Dawn of Joy?

Leon. Think you my Father too indulgent to me,
That he claims no Dominion o'er my Tears?
A Daughter sure may be right dutiful,
Whose Tears alone are free from a Restraint. —

Car. Ah my torn Heart!

Leon.

Leon. Regard not me, my Lord,
I shall obey my Father.

Car. Disobey him,
Rather than come thus coldly, than come thus
With absent Eyes, and alienated Mien,
Suff'ring Address, the Victim of my Love.
O let me be undone the common Way,
And have the common Comfort to be pity'd,
And not be ruin'd in the Mask of Blifs,
And so be envy'd, and be wretched too!
Love calls for Love. Not all the Pride of Beauty,
Those Eyes that tell us what the Sun is made of,
Those Lips, whose Touch is to be bought with Life,
Those Hills of driven Snow, which seen are felt;
All these possess, are nought, but as they are
The Proof, the Substance of an inward Passion,
And the rich Plunder of a taken Heart.

Leon. Alas! my Lord, we are too delicate;
And when we grasp the Happiness we wish'd,
We call on Wit to argue it away:
A plainer Man would not feel half your Pains;
But some have too much Wisdom to be happy.

Car. Had I known this before, it had been well:
I had not then solicited your Father
To add to my Distress; as you behave,
Your Father's Kindness stabs me to the Heart.
Give me your Hand —— Nay, give it, *Leonora*,
You give it not, —— nay, yet you give it not ——
I ravish it. ——

Zan. I pray, my Lord, no more.

Car. Ah, why so sad? You know each Sigh does shake me;
Sighs there, are Tempests here. ——
I've heard, bad Men would be unblest in Heav'n:
What is my Guilt, that makes me so with you?
Have I not languish'd prostrate at thy Feet?
Have I not liv'd whole Days upon thy Sight?

Have

Have I not seen thee where thou hast not been?
And, mad with the Idea, clasp'd the Wind,
And doated upon Nothing?

Leon. Court me not,

Good *Carlos*, by recounting of my Faults,
And telling how ungrateful I have been.
Alas! my Lord, if talking wou'd prevail,
I cou'd suggest much better Arguments,
Than those Regards you threw away on me;
Your Valour, Honour, Wisdom, prais'd by all.
But bid Physicians talk our Veins to Temper,
And with an Argument new-set a Pulse;
Then think, my Lord, of reasoning into Love.

Car. Must I despair then? Do not shake me thus;
My Tempest-beaten Heart is cold to Death.

Ah! turn, and let me warm me in thy Beauties.
Heav'ns! what a Proof I gave but two Nights past
Of matchless Love! To fling me at thy Feet,
I slighted Friendship, and I flew from Fame;
Nor heard the Summons of the next Day's Battle:
But darting headlong to thy Arms, I left
The promis'd Fight, I left *Alonzo* too

To stand the War, and quell a World alone. [*Trumpets.*

Leon. The Victor comes. My Lord, I must withdraw.

Car. And must you go?

Leon. Why shou'd you wish me stay?

Your Friend's Arrival will bring Comfort to you,
My Prefence none; it pains you and myself;
For both our sakes, permit me to withdraw. [*Ex. Leon.*

Car. Sure, there's no Peril but in Love. Oh how
My Foes wou'd boast to see me look so pale!

Enter Alonzo.

Car. *Alonzo!*

Alon. *Carlos!* ——— I am whole again,
Claspt in thy Arms, it makes my Heart entire.

Car.

Car. Whom dare I thus embrace? the Conqueror of *Africk*?

Alon. Yes, much more, *Don Carlos*' Friend.
The Conquest of the World would cost me dear,
Should it beget one Thought of Distance in thee.
I rise in Virtues to come nearer thee.
I conquer with *Don Carlos* in my Eye,
And thus I claim my Victory's Reward. [*Embracing him.*]

Car. A Victory indeed! Your godlike Arm
Has made one Spot the Grave of *Africa*,
Such Numbers fell! and the Survivors fled
As frightened Passengers from off the Strand,
When the tempestuous Sea comes roaring on them.

Alon. 'Twas *Carlos* conquer'd, 'twas his cruel Chains
Inflam'd me to a Rage unknown before,
And threw my former Actions far behind.

Car. I love fair *Leonora*. How I love her!
Yet still I find (I know not how it is)
Another Heart, another Soul for thee.
Thy Friendship warms, it raises, it transports
Like Musick, pure the Joy, without Allay,
Whose very Rapture is Tranquility:
But Love, like Wine, gives a tumultuous Bliss,
Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal Pleasures;
But mingles Pangs and Madness in the Bowl.

Enter Zanga.

Zan. *Manuel*, my Lord, returning from the Port,
On Business both of Moment and of Haste,
Humbly begs leave to speak in private with you.

Car. In private? — Ha! — *Alonzo*, I'll return,
No Business can detain me long from thee. [*Ex. Car.*]

Zan. My Lord *Alonzo*, I obey'd your Orders.

Alon. Will the fair *Leonora* pass this way?

Zan.

Zan. She will, my Lord, and soon.

Alon. Come near me, *Zanga* ;

For I dare open all my Heart to thee.

Never was such a Day of Triumph known.

There's not a wounded Captive in my Train,

That slowly follow'd my proud Chariot Wheels,

With half a Life, and Beggary, and Chains,

But is a God to me : I am most wretched.

In his Captivity, thou know'st *Don Carlos*,

My Friend (and never was a Friend more dear)

Deputed me his Advocate in Love,

To talk to *Leonora*'s Heart, and make

A tender Party in her Thoughts for him.

What did I do ? I lov'd myself. Indeed,

One thing there is might lessen my Offence,

(If such Offence admits of being lessen'd)

I thought him dead ; for (by what Fate I know not)

His Letters never reach'd me.

Zan. Thanks to *Zanga*,

Who thence contriv'd that Evil which has happen'd. [*Aside.*

Alon. Yes, curs'd of Heav'n ! I lov'd myself, and now

In a late Action, rescued from the *Moors*,

I have brought home my Rival in my Friend.

Zan. We hear, my Lord, that in that Action too,

Your interposing Arm preserv'd his Life.

Alon. It did — with more than the Expence of mine ;

For oh ! this Day is mention'd for their Nuptials.

But see, she comes — I'll take my leave, and die.

Zan. Hadst thou a thousand Lives, thy Death would
please me.

Unhappy Fate ! My Country overcome :

My six Years Hope of Vengeance quite expir'd ! —

Would Nature were — I will not fall alone :

But other's Groans shall tell the World my Death. [*Aside.*

Enter

Enter Leonora.

Alon. When Nature ends with Anguish like to this,
Sinners shall take their last leave of the Sun,
And bid his Light adieu.

Leon. The mighty Conqueror
Disarm'd! I thought you gave the Foe your Sorrows.

Alon. Oh cruel Insult! are those Tears your Sport,
Which nothing but a Love for you could draw?

Africk I quell'd, in hope by that to purchase
Your leave to sigh unscorn'd; but I complain not;
'Twas but a World, and you are — *Leonora.*

Leon. That Passion, which you boast of, is your Guilt,
A Treason to your Friend. You think mean of me,
To plead your Crimes as Motives of my Love.

Alon. You, Madam, ought to thank those Crimes you
blame;

'Tis they permit you to be thus inhuman,
Without the Censure both of Earth and Heav'n —
I fondly thought a last Look might be kind.
Farewel for ever. — This severe Behaviour
Has, to my Comfort, made it sweet to die.

Leon. Farewel for ever! — Sweet to Die! — O
Heav'n! [*Aside.*

Alonzo, stay, you must not thus escape me;
But hear your Guilt at large.

Alon. O *Leonora!*

What could I do? In Duty to my Friend,
I saw you; and to see, is to admire.
For *Carlos* did I plead, and most sincerely.
Witness the thousand Agonies it cost me.
You know I did, I sought but your Esteem,
If that is Guilt, an Angel had been guilty.
I often sigh'd, nay, wept; but could not help it;

And

And sure it is no Crime to be in Pain.

But grant my Crime was great, I'm greatly curs'd.

What would you more? Am I not most undone?

This Usage is like stamping on the Murder'd,

When Life is fled; most barbarous and unjust.

Leon. If from your Guilt none suffer'd but yourself,
It might be so——Farewell. [Going.]

Alon. Who suffers with me?

Leon. Enjoy your Ignorance, and let me go.

Alon. Alas! what is there I can fear to know,
Since I already know your Hate? Your Actions
Have long since told me that.

Leon. They flatter'd you.

Alon. How? Flatter'd me!

Leon. O search in Fate no farther!
I hate thee, O *Alonzo*! How I hate thee!

Alon. Indeed! And do you weep for Hatred too?
O what a doubtful Torment heaves my Heart!
I hope it most—and yet I dread it more.
Shou'd it be so; should her Tears flow from thence;
How wou'd my Soul blaze up in Extasy!
Ah, no! How sink into the Depth of Horrors!

Leon. Why would you force my Stay?

Alon. What mean these Tears?

Leon. I weep by Chance; nor have my Tears a Meaning—

But oh! when first I saw *Alonzo's* Tears,
I knew their Meaning well.

[Alon. falls passionately on his Knees, and takes her Hand.]

Alon. Heavens! what is this? That Excellence for which
Desire was planted in the Heart of Man;
Virtue's supreme Reward on this side Heav'n;
The Cordial of my Soul!—and This destroys me—
Indeed, I flatter'd me that thou didst hate.

B

Leon.

Leon. *Alonzo*, pardon me the Injury
Of loving you. I struggled with my Passion,
And struggled long; let that be some Excuse.

Alon. Unkind! You know I think your Love a
Blessing

Beyond all human Blessings; 'tis the Price
Of Sighs and Groans, and a whole Year of dying:
But oh the Curse of Curses! — O my Friend! —

Leon. Alas!

Alon. What says my Love?—Speak, *Leonora*.

Leon. Was it for you, my Lord, to be so quick
In finding out Objections to our Love?
Think you so strong my Love, or weak my Virtue,
It was unsafe to leave that Part to me?

Alon. Is not the Day then fix'd for your Espousals?

Leon. Indeed, my Father once had Thought that Way;
But marking how the Marriage pain'd my Heart,
Long he stood doubtful; but at last resolv'd,
Your Counsel, which determines him in all,
Should finish the Debate.

Alon. O Agony!

Must I not only lose her, but be made,
Myself the Instrument? Not only die;
But plunge the Dagger in my Heart myself?
This is refining on Calamity.

Leon. What! Do you tremble, lest you should be
mine?

For what else can you tremble? not for that
My Father places in your Power to alter. [Friend?

Alon. What's in my Power?—O yes, to stab my

Leon. To stab your Friend were barbarous indeed!
Spare him—and murder me—I own, *Alonzo*,
You well may wonder at such Words as these,
I start at them myself, they fright my Nature.
Great is my Fault; but blame not me alone,
Give him a little Blame, who took such Pains
To make me guilty.

Alon.

Alon. Torment ! *[After a Pause, Leon. speaks.]*

Leon. O my Shame !

I sue, and sue in vain ; it is most just.

When Women sue, they sue to be deny'd.

You hate me, you despise me, you do well ;

For what I've done, I hate and scorn myself.

O Night fall on me ! I shall blush to Death.

Alon. First perish all.

Leon. Say, what have you resolv'd ?

My Father comes, what Answer will you give him ?

Alon. What Answer ! Let me look upon that Face,
And read it there—Devote thee to another !

Not to be born ! A second Look undoes me.

Leon. And why undo you ? Is it then, my Lord,
So terrible to yield to your own Wishes,
Because they happen to concur with mine ?
Cruel ! to take such Pains to win an Heart,
Which you was conscious you must break with parting :

Alon. No, *Leonora*, I am thine for ever,

[Runs and embraces her.]

In spite of *Carlos*—Ha ! Who's that ? My Friend ?

[Starts aside from her.]

Alas ! I see him pale, I hear his Groan ;

He foams, he tears his Hair, he raves, he bleeds,

(I know him by myself) he dies distracted.

Leon. How dreadful to be cut from what we love !

Alon. Ah ! speak no more.

Leon. And ty'd to what we hate !

Alon. Oh !

Leon. Is it possible ?

Alon. Death !

Leon. Can you ?

Alon. Oh——

Yes, take a Limb ; but let my Virtue 'scape.

Alas ! my Soul, this Moment I die for thee.

[Breaks away.]

Leon.

Leon. And are you perjur'd then for Virtue's sake?
How often have you sworn? But go for ever---- [*Swoons.*]

Alon. Heart of my Heart, and Effence of my Joy!
Where art thou?—Oh, I'm thine, and thine for ever!
The Groans of Friendship shall be heard no more.
For whatsoever Crimes I can commit,
I've felt the Pains already.

Leon. Hold, *Alonzo*,
And hear a Maid, whom doubly thou hast conquer'd.
I love thy Virtue, as I love thy Person,
And I adore thee for the Pains it gave me;
But as I felt the Pains, I'll reap the Fruit,
I'll shine out in my Turn, and shew the World
Thy great Example was not lost upon me.
Be it enough that I have once been guilty;
In Sight of such a Pattern to persist,
Ill suits a Person honour'd with your Love.
My other Titles to that Bliss are weak,
I must deserve it by refusing it.
Thus then I tear me from thy Hopes for ever.
Shall I contribute to *Alonzo's* Crimes?
No, tho' the Life-Blood gushes from my Heart.
You shall not be asham'd of *Leonora*,
Or that late Time may put our Names together.
Nay, never shrink; take back the bright Example
You lately lent; O take it while you may,
While I can give it you, and be Immortal. [*Exit.*]

Alon. She's gone, and I shall see that Face no more;
But pine in Absence, and till Death adore.
When with cold Dew my fainting Brow is hung,
And my Eyes darken, from my fault'ring Tongue
Her Name will tremble in a feeble Moan,
And Love with Fate divide my dying Groan.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Manuel and Zanga.

ZANGA.



If this be true, I cannot blame your Pain
For wretched *Carlos*; 'tis but humane in you.
But when arriv'd your dismal News?

Man. This Hour.

Zan. What, not a Vessel sav'd?

Man. All, all the Storm
Devour'd; and now o'er his late envy'd Fortune
The Dolphins bound, and watry Mountains roar,
Triumphant in his Ruin.

Zan. Is *Alvarez*

Determin'd to deny his Daughter to him?
That Treasure was on Shore, must that too join
The common Wreck?

Man. *Alvarez* pleads indeed,
That *Leonora's* Heart is dis-inclin'd,
And pleads that only; so it was this Morning,
When he concurr'd: the Tempest broke the Match;
And sunk his Favour, when it sunk the Gold.
The Love of Gold is double in his Heart,
The Vice of Age, and of *Alvarez* too.

Zan. How does Don *Carlos* bear it?

Man. Like a Man,
Whose Heart feels most a human Heart can feel,
And reasons best a human Heart can reason.

Zan. But is he then in absolute Despair?

Man. Never to see his *Leonora* more.
And, quite to quench all future Hope, *Alvarez*

Urges *Alonzo* to espouse his Daughter
This very Day ; for he has learnt their Loves.

Zan. Ha ! was not that receiv'd with Extasy
By Don *Alonzo* ?

Man. Yes, at first ; but soon
A Damp came o'er him, it would kill his Friend.

Zan. Not if his Friend consented ; and since now
He can't himself espouse her——

Man. Yet to ask it
Has something shocking to a generous Mind,
At least *Alonzo's* Spirit startles at it.
Wide is the Distance between our Despair,
And giving up a Mistress to another.
But I must leave you. *Carlos* wants Support
In his severe Affliction. [Exit Manuel.

Zan. Ha ! it dawns!——
It rises to me, like a new-found World
To Mariners long time distress'd at Sea,
Sore from a Storm, and all their Viands spent ;——
Or like the Sun just rising out of *Chaos*,
Some Dregs of ancient Night not quite purg'd off :
But shall I finish it--Hoa ! *Isabella* !

Enter Isabella.

I thought of dying ; better Things come forward ;
Vengeance is still alive ; from her dark Covert,
With all her Snakes erect upon her Crest,
She stalks in View, and fires me with her Charms.
When, *Isabell*, arriv'd Don *Carlos* here ?

Isab. Two Nights ago.

Zan. That was the very Night
Before the Battel—Memory, set down that,
It has the Essence of a Crocodile,
Tho yet but in the Shell—I'll give it Birth——
What Time did he return ?

Isab.

Ifab. At Midnight.

Zan. So —

Say, did he see that Night his *Leonora*?

Ifab. No, my good Lord.

Zan. No matter——tell me, Woman,
Is not *Alonzo* rather brave than cautious,
Honest than subtle, above Fraud himself,
Slow therefore to suspect it in another?

Ifab. You best can judge; but so the World thinks
of him. [Ex. *Ifab.*

Zan. Why, that is well—go fetch my Tablets hither.
Two Nights ago, my Father's sacred Shade
Thrice stalk'd around my Bed, and smil'd upon me,
He smil'd, a Joy then little understood——
It must be so—and if so, it is Vengeance
Worth waking of the Dead for.

*Re-enter Isabella with the Tablets, Zanga writes, then
reads as to himself.*

Thus it stands ——

The Father's fixt——Don *Carlos* cannot wed—

Alonzo may —— but that will hurt his Friend—

Nor can he ask his Leave —— or if he did,

He might not gain it—It is hard to give

Our own Consent to Ills, tho' we must bear them.—

Were it not then a Master-piece, worth all

The Wisdom I can boast, first to persuade

Alonzo to request it of his Friend,

His Friend to grant—then from that very Grant,

The strongest Proof of Friendship Man can give,

(And other Motives) to work out a Cause

Of Jealousy, to rack *Alonzo's* Peace? ——

I have turn'd o'er the Catalogue of Woes,

Which sting the Heart of Man, and find none equal.

It is the *Hydra* of Calamities,
 The Seven-fold Death : The Jealous are the Damn'd.
 O Jealousy, each other Passion's calm
 To thee, thou Conflagration of the Soul !
 Thou King of Torments ! Thou grand Counterpoize
 For all the Transports Beauty can inspire !

Isab. *Alonzo* comes this Way.

Zan. Most opportunely.

Withdraw — Ye subtle *Dæmons*, which reside [*Ex. Isa.*
 In Courts, and do your Work with Bows and Smiles,
 That little Engin'ry, more mischievous
 Than Fleets and Armies, and the Cannon's Murder,
 Teach me to look a Lye ; give me your Maze
 Of gloomy Thought and intricate Design,
 To catch the Man I hate, and then devour.

Enter Alonzo.

My Lord, I give you Joy.

Alon. Of what, good *Zanga* ?

Zan. Is not the lovely *Leonora* yours ?

Alon. What will become of *Carlos* ?

Zan. He's your Friend ;

And since he can't espouse the Fair himself,
 Will take some Comfort from *Alonzo's* Fortune.

Alon. Alas ! thou little know'st the Force of Love ;
 Love reigns a Sultan with unrivall'd sway,
 Puts all Relations, Friendship self to Death,
 If once he's jealous of it. I love *Carlos*,
 Yet well I know what Pangs I felt this Morning,
 At his intended Nuptials. For myself
 I then felt Pains, which now for him I feel.

Zan. You will not wed her then ?

Alon. Not instantly :

Insult his broken Heart the very Moment !

Zan.

Zan. I understand you : but you'll wed hereafter,
When your Friend's gone, and his first Pain asswag'd ?

Alon. Am I to blame for that ?

Zan. My Lord, I love
Your very Errors, they are born from Virtue.
Your Friendship (and what nobler Passion claims
The Heart ?) does lead you blind-fold to your Ruin.
Consider, wherefore did *Alvarez* break
Don *Carlos*' Match, and wherefore urge *Alonzo*'s ?
'Twas the same Cause, the Love of Wealth : To-morrow
May see *Alonzo* in Don *Carlos*' Fortune ;
A higher Bidder is a better Friend,
And there are Princes sigh for *Leonora*.
When your Friend's gone, you'll wed ; why then the
Cause

Which gives you *Leonora* now, will cease.
Carlos has lost her ; should you lose her too,
Why then, you heap new Torments on your Friend,
By that Respect which labour'd to relieve him ——

'Tis well, he is disturb'd, it makes him pause. [*Aside.*

Alon. Think'st thou, my *Zanga*, shou'd I ask Don *Carlos*,
His Goodness would consent that I should wed her ?

Zan. I know it would.

Alon. But then the Cruelty
To ask it, and for me to ask it of him !

Zan. Methinks, you are not severe upon your Friend.
Who was it gave him Liberty and Life ?

Alon. That is the very Reason which forbids it.
Were I a Stranger, I could freely speak :
In me, it so resembles a Demand,
Exacting of a Debt, it shocks my Nature.

Zan. My Lord, you know the sad Alternative.
Is *Leonora* worth one Pang, or not ?
It hurts not me, my Lord, but as I love you ;
Warmly as you, I wish Don *Carlos* well ;
But I am likewise Don *Alonzo*'s Friend :

There all the Difference lies between us two.
 In me, my Lord, you hear another self,
 And give me leave to add, a better too,
 Clear'd from those Errors, which, tho' caus'd by Virtue,
 Are such as may hereafter give you Pain. —
 Don *Lopez* of *Castille* would not demur thus.

Alon. Perish the Name! What! sacrifice the Fair
 To Age and Illness, because set in Gold?
 I'll to Don *Carlos*, if my Heart will let me.
 I have not seen him since his sore Affliction;
 But shunn'd it, as too terrible to bear.
 How shall I bear it now? I'm struck already. [*Ex. Alon.*]

Zan. Half of my Work is done. I must secure
 Don *Carlos*, e'er *Alonzo* speaks with him.

[*He gives a Message to a Servant, then returns.*]
 Proud, hated *Spain*! Oft drench'd in *Moorish* Blood;
 Dost thou not feel a deadly Foe within thee?
 Shake not thy Tow'rs where-e'er I pass along,
 Conscious of Ruin, and their great Destroyer?
 Shake to the Centre, if *Alonzo's* dear.
 Look down, O holy Prophet! see me torture
 This Christian Dog, this Infidel, which dares
 To smite thy Votaries, and spurn thy Law;
 And yet hopes Pleasure from two radiant Eyes,
 Which look as they were lighted up for thee!
 Shall he enjoy thy Paradise below?
 Blast the bold Thought, and curse him with her Charms.—
 But see, the melancholy Lover comes.

Enter Don Carlos.

Car. Hope, thou hast told me Lies from Day to Day,
 For more than twenty Years; vile Promiser!
 None here are happy, but the very Fool,
 Or very wise; and I want Fool enough,

To

To smile in Vanities, and hug a Shadow ;
 Nor have I Wisdom to elaborate
 An artificial Happiness from Pains :
 Ev'n Joys are Pains, because they cannot last. [Sighs.
 Yet much is talk'd of Bliss, it is the Art
 Of such as have the World in their Possession,
 To give it a good Name, that Fools may envy ;
 For Envy to small Minds is Flattery.
 How many lift the Head, look gay, and smile
 Against their Consciences ? and this we know,
 Yet knowing disbelieve, and try again
 What we have try'd, and struggle with Conviction.
 Each new Experience gives the former Credit,
 And reverend grey Threescore is but a Voucher,
 That Thirty told us true.

Zan. My noble Lord,

I mourn your Fate : but are no Hopes surviving ?

Car. No Hopes. *Alvarez* has a Heart of Steel :
 'Tis fixt, 'tis past, 'tis absolute Despair.

Zan. You wanted not to have your Heart made tender
 By your own Pains to feel a Friend's Distress.

Car. I understand you well. *Alonzo* loves ;
 I pity him.

Zan. I dare be sworn you do.

Yet he has other Thoughts.

Car. What can't thou mean ?

Zan. Indeed he has, and fears to ask a Favour
 A Stranger from a Stranger might request,
 What costs you Nothing, yet is All to him,
 Nay, what indeed will to your Glory add,
 For nothing more than wishing your Friend well.

Car. I pray be plain : his Happiness is mine.

Zan. He loves to Death ; but so reveres his Friend,
 He can't persuade his Heart to wed the Maid,
 Without your Leave, and that he fears to ask,
 In perfect Tendernefs. I urg'd him to it,

Knowing

Knowing the deadly Sicknefs of his Heart,
 Your overflowing Goodnefs to your Friend,
 Your Wiſdom, and Deſpair yourſelf to wed her ;
 I wrung a Promiſe from him he would try :
 And now, I come a mutual Friend to both,
 Without his Privacy, to let you know it,
 And to prepare you kindly to receive him.

Car. Ha ! if he weds, I am undone indeed ;
 Not Don *Alvarez*' ſelf can then relieve me.

Zan. Alas ! my Lord, *you know his Heart is Steel,*
'Tis fixt, 'tis paſt, 'tis abſolute Deſpair.

Car. O Cruel Heav'n ! and is it not enough
 That I muſt never, never ſee her more ?
 Say, is it not enough that I muſt die ;
 But muſt I be tormented in the Grave ?
 Ask my Conſent ! — Muſt I then give her to him ?
 Lead to his Nuptial Sheets the bluſhing Maid ?
 Oh ! — *Leonora* ! never, never, never !

Zan. A Storm of Plagues upon him ! he refuſes. [*Aſide.*

Car. What ! wed her ? — and to-day ?

Zan. To-day, or never.

To-morrow may ſome wealthier Lover bring,
 And then *Alonzo* is thrown out like you ;
 Then whom ſhall he condemn for his Miſfortune ?
Carlos is an *Alvarez* to his Love.

Car. O Torment ! Whither ſhall I turn ?

Zan. To Peace.

Car. Which is the Way ?

Zan. His Happineſs is yours,
 I dare not diſbelieve you.

Car. Kill my Friend !

Or worſe — Alas ! and can there be a worſe ? —
 A worſe there is ; nor can my Nature bear it.

Zan. You have convinc'd me, 'tis a dreadful Task.
 I find, *Alonzo*'s quitting her this Morning
 For *Carlos*' ſake, in Tenderneſs to you,

Betray'd

Betray'd me to believe it less severe
Than I perceive it is. ———

Car. Thou dost upbraid me.

Zang. No, my good Lord ; but since you can't comply,
'Tis my Misfortune that I mention'd it ;
For had I not, *Alonzo* would indeed
Have dy'd, as now ; but not by your Decree.

Car. By my Decree ! Do I decree his Death ?
I do ——— Shall I then lead her to his Arms ?
Oh ! which side shall I take ? be stabb'd ? or — stabb'd ? —
'Tis equal Death, a Choice of Agonies. ———
Ah no ! all other Agonies are Ease
To one ——— O *Leonora* ! ——— Never, never !
Go, *Zanga*, go, defer the dreadful Trial,
Tho' but a Day, something perchance may happen
To soften all to Friendship, and to Love.
Go, stop my Friend ; let me not see him now,
But save us from an Interview of Death.

Zan. My Lord, I'm bound in Duty to obey you —
If I not bring him, may *Alonzo* prosper. [*Aside. Ex. Zan.*]

Car. What is this World ? — Thy School, O Misery !
Our only Lesson is to learn to suffer,
And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.
Tho' deep my Pangs, and heavy at my Heart,
My Comfort is, each Moment takes away
A Grain at least from the dead Load that's on me,
And gives a nearer Prospect of the Grave.
But put it most severely — should I live ———
Live long ——— Alas ! there is no length in Time ;
Not in thy Time, O Man ! What's fourscore Years ?
Nay, what indeed, the Age of Time itself,
Since cut from out Eternity's wide Round ?
Away then. To a Mind resolv'd and wise,
There is an Impotence in Misery,
Which makes me smile, when all its Shafts are in me.
Yet, *Leonora* ——— She can make Time long,

Its

Its Nature alter, as she alter'd mine.
 While in the Lustre of her Charms I lay,
 Whole Summer Suns roll'd unperceiv'd away ;
 I Years for Days, and Days for Moments told,
 And was surpriz'd to hear that I grew old ;
 Now Fate does rigidly its Dues regain,
 And every Moment is an Age of Pain.

*As he is going out, Enter Zanga and Alonzo. Zanga
 stops Carlos.*

Zan. Is this Don Carlos ? this the boasted Friend ?
 How can you turn your Back upon his Sadness ?
 Look on him, and then leave him if you can.
 Whose Sorrows thus depress him ? Not his own ;
 This Moment he could wed, without your leave.

Car. I cannot yield ; nor can I bear his Grievs.

Alonzo ! [Going to him, and taking his Hand.

Alon. O Carlos !

Car. Pray, forbear.

Alon. Art thou undone, and shall Alonzo smile ?

Alonzo ! who perhaps in some Degree
 Contributed to cause thy dreadful Fate ?
 I was deputed Guardian of thy Love ;
 But oh ! I lov'd myself. Pour down Afflictions
 On this devoted Head ; make me your Mark ;
 And be the World by my Example taught,
 How sacred it should hold the Name of Friend.

Car. You charge yourself unjustly ; well I know
 The only Cause of my severe Affliction.

Alvarez, curs'd *Alvarez* — so much Anguish
 Felt for so small a Failure, is one Merit
 Which faultless Virtue wants. The Crime was mine,
 Who plac'd thee there, where only thou could'st fail ;
 Tho' well I knew that dreadful Post of Honour
 I gave thee to maintain. Ah ! who could bear

Those

Those Eyes, unhurt? The Wounds myself have felt
(Which Wounds alone should cause me to condemn thee)
They plead in thy Excuse; for I too strove
To shun those Fires, and found 'twas not in Man.

Alonz. You cast in Shades the Failures of a Friend,
And soften all; but think not you deceive me:
I know my Guilt, and I implore your Pardon,
As the sole Glimpse I can obtain of Peace.

Car. Pardon for him, who but this Morning threw
Fair *Leonora* from his Heart, all bath'd
In ceaseless Tears, and blushing with her Love?
Who, like a Rose leaf wet with Morning Dew,
Would have stuck close, and clung for ever there?
But 'twas in thee, thro' Fondness to thy Friend,
To shut thy Bosom against Ecstasies;
For which, whilst this Pulse beats, it beats to thee,
While this Blood flows, it flows for my *Alonzo*,
And every Wish is levell'd at thy Joy.

Zan. to *Alon.*] My Lord, my Lord, this is your time
to speak.

Alon. to *Zan.*] Because he's kind? It therefore is the
For 'tis his Kindness which I fear to hurt. (worst;
Shall the same Moment see him sink in Woes,
And me providing for a Flood of Joys,
Rich in the Plunder of his Happiness?
No, I may die; but I can never speak.

Car. Now, now it comes! they are concerting it,
The first Word strikes me dead — O *Leonora*!
And shall another taste her fragrant Breath?
Who knows what After-time may bring to pass?
Fathers may change, and I may wed her still. [*Aside.*

Alon. to *Zan.*] Do I not see him quite possess'd with
Anguish,
Which, like a Dæmon, writhes him to and fro;
And shall I pour in new? No, fond Desire,

No,

No, Love ! One Pang at parting, and farewell.
I have no other Love but *Carlos* now.

Car. Alas ! my Friend, why with such eager Grasp
Dost press my Hand, and weep upon my Cheek ?

Alon. If after Death our Forms (as some believe)
Shall be transparent, naked every Thought,
And Friends meets Friends, and read each other's Hearts,
Thou'lt know one Day, that thou wast held most dear.
Farewell.

Car. *Alonzo*, stay— He cannot speak — [*Holds him.*
Lest it should grieve me — Shall I be out-done ?
And lose in Glory, as I lose in Love ? [*Aside.*
I take it much unkindly, my *Alonzo*,
You think so meanly of me, not to speak,
When well I know your Heart is near to bursting.
Have you forgot how you have bound me to you ?
Your smallest Friendship's Liberty and Life.

Alon. There, there it is, my Friend, it cuts me there.
How dreadful is it to a generous Mind
To ask, when sure he cannot be deny'd !

Car. How greatly thought ! in all he tower's above me. [*Aside.*

Then you confess you would ask something of me.

Alon. No, on my Soul.

Zan. to *Alon.* Then lose her.

Car. Glorious Spirit !

Why, what a Pang has he run through for this !
By Heav'n, I envy him his Agonies.
Why was not mine the most illustrious Lot,
Of starting at one Action from below,
And flaming up into consummate Greatness ?
Ha ! Angels, strengthen me ! — It shall be so —
I can't want Strength. Great Actions, once conceiv'd,
Strengthen like Wine, and animate the Soul,
And call themselves to Being. [*Aside.*] My *Alonzo* !
Since thy great Soul disdains to make Request,
Receive with Favour that I make to thee.

Alon.

Alon. What means my *Carlos*?

Car. Pray observe me well.

Fate and *Alvarez* tore her from my Heart,
And plucking up my Love, they had well nigh
Pluck'd up Life too, for they were twin'd together.
Of that no more—What now does Reason bid?
I cannot wed——Farewell my Happiness;
But, O my Soul, with Care provide for hers.
In Life, how weak, how helpless is a Woman!
Soon hurt, in Happiness itself unsafe,
And often wounded while she plucks the Rose;
So properly the Object of Affliction,
That Heav'n is pleas'd to make Distress become her,
And dresses her most amiably in Tears.
Take then my Heart in Dow'ry with the Fair,
Be thou her Guardian, and thou must be mine,
Shut out the Thousand pressing Ills of Life
With thy surrounding Arms—Do this, and then
Set down the Liberty and Life thou gav'st me,
As little Things, as Essays of thy Goodness,
And Rudiments of Friendship so Divine.

Alon. There is a Grandeur in thy Goodness to me,
Which with thy Fees would render thee ador'd.
But have a Care; nor think I can be pleas'd
With any Thing that lays in Pains for thee.
Thou dost dissemble, and thy Heart's in Tears.

Car. My Heart's in Health, my Spirits dance their
And at my Eye Pleasure looks out in Smiles. [Round,

Alon. And canst thou, canst thou part with *Leonora*?

Car. I do not part with her, I give her thee.

Alon. O *Carlos*!

Car. Don't distrust me, I'm sincere.
Nor is it more than simple Justice in me.
This Morn didst thou resign her for my sake;
I but perform a Virtue learnt from thee;
Discharge a Debt, and pay her to thy Wishes.

Alon.

Alon. Ah, how ? — But think not Words were ever made

For such Occasions. Silence, Tears, Embraces,
Are languid Eloquence ; I'll seek Relief
In Absence from the Pain of so much Goodness,
There thank the Blest above, thy sole Superiors,
Adore, and raise my Thoughts of them by thee. [*Exit.*

Zan. Thus far Success has crown'd my boldest Hope.
My next Care is to hasten these new Nuptials,
And then my Master-works begin to play. [*Aside.*
Why this was greatly done, without one Sigh [*To Car.*
To carry such a Glory to its Period.

Car. Too soon thou praisest me. He's gone, and now
I must unluce my over-burden'd Heart,
And let it flow. I would not grieve my Friend
With Tears ; nor interrupt my great Design,
Great sure as ever human Breast durst think of.
But now my Sorrows, long with Pain suppress'd,
Burst their Confinement with impetuous Sway,
O'er-swell all Bounds, and bear ev'n Life away.
So till the Day was won, the Greek renown'd
With Anguish wore the Arrow in his Wound,
Then drew the Shaft from out his tortur'd Side,
Let gush the Torrent of his Blood, and dy'd.

[*Exeunt.*



A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Zanga and Isabella.

Z A N G A.



Joy, thou welcome Stranger! twice three
Years

I have not felt thy vital Beam; but now
It warms my Veins, and plays around my
Heart:

A Fiery Instinct lifts me from the Ground,
And I could mount — The Spirits numberless
Of my dear Countrymen, which Yesterday
Left their poor bleeding Bodies on the Field,
Are all assembled here, and o'er-inform me. —
O Bridegroom! Great indeed thy present Bliss;
Yet ev'n by me unenvy'd; for be sure
It is thy last, thy last Smile, that which now
Sits on thy Cheek; enjoy it while thou may'st;
Anguish, and Groans, and Death bespeak To-morrow.
My *Isabella*!

Isab. What commands my *Moor*?

Zan. My fair Ally! my lovely Minister!
'Twas well *Alvarez*, by my Arts impell'd,
(To plunge Don *Carlos* in the last Despair,
And so prevent all future Molestation)
Finish'd the Nuptials soon as he resolv'd them;
This Conduct ripen'd all for Me, and Ruin.
Scarce had the Priest the holy Rite perform'd,

When

Alon. Ah, how ? — But think not Words were ever made

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Left their poor bleeding Bodies on the Field,
Are all assembled here, and o'er-inform me.——
O Bridegroom! Great indeed thy present Bliss;
Yet ev'n by me unenvy'd; for be sure
It is thy last, thy last Smile, that which now
Sits on thy Cheek; enjoy it while thou may'st;
Anguish, and Groans, and Death bespeak To-morrow.
My *Isabella*!

Isab. What commands my *Moor*?

Zan. My fair Ally! my lovely Minister!
'Twas well *Alvarez*, by my Arts impell'd,
(To plunge *Don Carlos* in the last Despair,
And so prevent all future Molestation)
Finish'd the Nuptials soon as he resolv'd them;
This Conduct ripen'd all for Me, and Ruin.
Scarce had the Priest the holy Rite perform'd,

When

When I, by sacred Inspiration, forg'd
 That Letter, which I trusted to thy Hand;
 That Letter, which in glowing Terms conveys,
 From happy *Carlos* to fair *Leonora*,
 The most profound Acknowledgment of Heart
 For wondrous Transports, which he never knew.
 This 'is a good subservient Artifice,
 To aid the nobler Workings of my Brain.

Isab. I quickly dropt it in the Bride's Apartment,
 As you commanded.

Zan. With a lucky Hand;
 For soon *Alonzo* found it; I observ'd him
 From out my secret Stand. He took it up;
 But scarce was it unfolded to his Sight,
 When he, as if an Arrow pierc'd his Eye,
 Started, and trembling dropt it on the Ground.
 Pale and aghast awhile my Victim stood,
 Disguis'd a Sigh or two, and puff'd them from him;
 Then rubb'd his Brow, and took it up again.
 At first he look'd as if he meant to read it;
 But check'd by rising Fears, he crush'd it Thus,
 And thrust it, like an Adder, in his Bosom.

Isab. But if he read it not, it cannot sting him,
 At least not Mortally.

Zan. At first I thought so;
 But farther Thought informs me otherwise,
 And turns this Disappointment to Account.
 He more shall credit it, because unseen,
 (If 'tis unseen) as thou anon may'st find.

Isab. That would indeed commend my *Zanga's* Skill.

Zan. This, *Isabella*, is Don *Carlos's* Picture;
 Take it, and so dispose of it, that found,
 It may rise up a Witness of her Love,
 Under her Pillow, in her Cabinet,
 Or elsewhere, as shall best promote our End.

Isab.

Ifab. I'll weigh it as its Consequence requires,
Then do my utmost to deserve your Smile.

[*Exit Isabella.*]

Zan. Is that *Alonzo* prostrate on the Ground?—
Now he starts up like Flame from sleeping Embers,
And wild Distraction glares from either Eye.
If thus a slight Surmise can work his Soul,
How will the fulness of the Tempest tear him!

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. And yet it cannot be—I am deceiv'd—
I injure her: she wears the Face of Heav'n.

Zan. He doubts.

[*Aside.*]

Alon. I dare not look on This again.
If the first Glance, which gave Suspicion only,
Had such effect, so smote my Heart and Brain,
The Certainty would dash me all in Pieces.
It cannot—Ha! it must, it must be true. [Starts.]

Zan. Hold there, and we succeed. He has descry'd
me.

And (for he knows I love him) will unfold
His aching Heart, and rest it on my Counsel.
I'll seem to go, to make my Stay more sure. [Aside.]

Alon. Hold, *Zanga*, turn.

Zan. My Lord.

Alon. Shut close the Doors,
That not a Spirit find an Entrance here.

Zan. My Lord's obey'd.

Alon. I see that thou art frightened.
If thou dost love me, I shall fill thy Heart
With Scorpions Stings.

Zan. If I do love, my Lord?

Alon. Come near me, let me rest upon thy Bosom
(What Pillow like the Bosom of a Friend?)
For I am sick at Heart.

Zan.

Zan. Speak, Sir, O speak,
And take me from the Rack.

Alon. And is there need
Of Words? Behold a Wonder! See my Tears!

Zan. I feel them too. Heav'n grant my Senses fail
me!

I rather would lose them, than have this real.

Alon. Go, take a Round thro' all things in thy
Thought,

And find that One; for there is only One
Which could extort my Tears; find that, and tell
Thy self my Misery, and spare me the Pain.

Zan. Sorrow can think but ill—I am bewilder'd;
I know not where I am.

Alon. Think, think no more.
It ne'er can enter in an honest Heart.
I'll tell thee then—I cannot —Yet I do,
By wanting Force to give it Utterance.

Zan. Speak, ease your Heart; its Throbs will break
your Bosom.

Alon. I am most Happy: mine is Victory,
Mine the King's Favour, mine the Nation's Shout,
And great Men make their Fortunes of my Smiles.
O Curse of Curfes! In the lap of Blessing
To be most Curst! —My *Leonora's* false!

Zan. Save me, my Lord!

Alon. My *Leonora's* false. [*Gives him the Letter.*]

Zan. Then Heav'n has lost its Image here on Earth.

[*While Zanga reads the Letter, he trembles and
shews the utmost Concern.*]

Alon. Good-natur'd Man! he makes my Pains his
own.

I durst not read it; but I read it now
In thy concern.

Zan. Did you not read it then?

Alon.

Alon. Mine Eye just touch'd it, and could bear no more.

Zan. Thus perish all that gives *Alonzo* Pain.

[*Tears the Letter.*]

Alon. Why didst thou tear it?

Zan. Think of it no more.

'Twas your Mistake, and groundless are your Fears.

Alon. And didst thou tremble then for my Mistake?
Or give the whole Contents, or by the Pangs
That feed upon my Heart, thy Life's in Danger.

Zan. Is this *Alonzo's* Language to his *Zanga*?
Draw forth your Sword, and find the Secret here.
For whose sake is it, think you, I conceal it?
Wherefore this Rage? Because I seek your Peace?
I have no Interest in suppressing it,
But what good-natur'd Tendernefs for you
Obliges me to have. Not mine the Heart
That will be rent in two, not mine the Fame
That will be damn'd, tho' all the World should know it.

Alon. Then my worst Fears are true, and Life is past.

Zan. What has the Rashness of my Passion utter'd?
I know not what; but Rage is our Distraction,
And all its Words are Wind——Yet sure, I think,
I nothing own'd——but grant I did confess.
What is a Letter? Letters may be forg'd. [*Aside.*]
For Heav'n's sweet sake, my Lord, lift up your Heart.
Some Foe to your Repose ——

Alon. So, Heav'n look on me,
As I can't find the Man I have offended.

Zan. Indeed! (*Aside.*) ——Our Innocence is not our
Shield.

They take Offence, who have not been offended;
They seek our Ruin too, who speak us fair,
And Death is often ambush'd in their Smiles.
We know not whom we have to fear. 'Tis certain
A Letter may be forg'd, and in a Point

Of

Of such a dreadful Consequence as this,
 One would rely on nought that might be false——
 Think, have you any other Cause to doubt her?—
 Away, you can find none. Resume your Spirit,
 All's well again.

Alon. O that it were!

Zan It is;

For who would credit that, which credited,
 Makes Hell superfluous by superior Pains,
 Without such Proofs as cannot be withstood?
 Has she not ever been to Virtue train'd?
 Is not her Fame as spotless as the Sun,
 Her Sex's Envy, and the Boast of *Spain*?

Alon. O *Zanga*! It is that confounds me most,
 That full in Opposition to Appearance——

Zan. No more, my Lord, for you condemn your self.
 What is Absurdity, but to believe
 Against Appearance? ——You can't yet, I find,
 Subdue your Passion to your better Sense;——
 And, Truth to tell, it does not much displease me.
 'Tis fit our Indiscretions should be check'd,
 With some Degree of Pain.

Alon. What Indiscretion?

Zan. Come, you must bear to hear your Faults from
 me.

Had you not sent *Don Carlos* to the Court
 The Night before the Battel, that foul Slave,
 Who forg'd the senseless Scroll which gives you Pain,
 Had wanted footing for his Villainy.

Alon. I sent him not.

Zan. Not send him!—Ha!—That strikes me.
 I thought he came on Message to the King.
 Is there another Cause could justify
 His shunning Danger, and the promis'd Fight?
 But I perhaps may think too rigidly;
 So long an Absence, and impatient Love——

Alon.

Alon. In my Confusion, that had quite escap'd me.
By Heav'n, my wounded Soul does bleed afresh;
'Tis clear as Day—for *Carlos* is so brave,
He lives not but on Fame, he hunts for Danger,
And is enamour'd of the Face of Death.
How then could he decline the next day's Battel,
But for the Transports?—Oh, it must be so ——
Inhuman! by the Loss of his own Honour,
To buy the Ruin of his Friend!

Zan. You wrong him;
He knew not of your Love.

Alon. Ha! ——

Zan. That stings home.

[*Afide.*

Alon. Indeed, he knew not of my treacherous Love—
Proofs rise on Proofs, and still the last the strongest,
Th' eternal Law of Things declares it true,
Which calls for Judgments on distinguish'd Guilt,
And loves to make our Crime our Punishment.
Loye is my Torture, Love was first my Crime;
For she was his, my Friend's, and he (O Horror!)
Confided all in me. O sacred Faith!
How dearly I abide thy Violation!

Zan. Were then their Loves far gone?

Alon. The Father's Will

There bore a total Sway; and he, as soon
As News arriv'd that *Carlos*' Fleet was seen
From off our Coast, fir'd with the Love of Gold,
Determin'd, that the very Sun which saw
Carlos' return, should see his Daughter wed.

Zan. Indeed, my Lord, then you must pardon me,
If I presume to mitigate the Crime.

Consider, strong Allurements soften Guilt;
Long was his Absence, ardent was his Love,
At Midnight his Return, the next Day destin'd
For his Espousals——'twas a strong Temptation.

Alon. Temptation!

C

Zan.

Zan. 'Twas but gaining of one Night.

Alon. One Night!

Zan. That Crime could ne'er return again.

Alon. Again! By Heav'n, thou dost insult thy Lord.

Temptation! one Night gain'd! O Stings and Death!

And am I then undone? Alas, my *Zanga*!

And dost Thou own it too? Deny it still,

And rescue me one Moment from Distraction.

Zan. My Lord, I hope the best.

Alon. False, foolish Hope,

And insolent to me! Thou know'st it false;

It is as glaring, as the Noon-tide Sun.

Devil! this Morning, after three Years' Coldness,

To rush at once into a Passion for me!

'Twas time to feign, 'twas time to get another,
When her first Fool was sated with her Beauties.

Zan. What says my Lord? Did *Leonora* then
Never before disclose her Passion for you?

Alon. Never.

Zan. Throughout the whole three Years?

Alon. O never! never! —

Why, *Zanga*, should'st thou strive? 'tis all in vain;

Tho' thy Soul labours, it can find no Reed

For Hope to catch at. Ah! I'm plunging down

Ten thousand thousand Fathoms in Despair.

Zan. Hold, Sir, I'll break your Fall — Wave ev'ry
Fear,

And be a Man again — Had he enjoy'd her,

Be most assur'd, he had resign'd her to you

With less Reluctance.

Alon. Ha! Resign her to me! —

Resign her! — Who resign'd her? — Double Death!

How could I doubt so long? my Heart is broke.

First love her to Distraction! then resign her!

Zan. But was it not with utmost Agony?

Alon. Grant that, he still resign'd her, that's enough.
Would he pluck out his Eye to give it me?
Tear out his Heart?—She was his Heart no more—
Nor was it with Reluctance he resign'd her.
By Heav'n, he ask'd, he courted me to wed.
I thought it strange; 'tis now no longer so.

Zan. Was't his Request? Are you right sure of that?—
I fear the Letter was not all a Tale.

Alon. A Tale! There's Proof equivalent to Sight.

Zan. I should distrust my Sight on this Occasion.

Alon. And so should I; by Heav'n, I think I should.
What! *Leonora* the Divine, by whom
We guess'd at Angels? Oh! I'm all Confusion.

Zan. You now are too much ruffled to think clearly.
Since Bliss and Horror, Life and Death hang on it,
Go to your Chamber, there maturely weigh
Each Circumstance; consider, above all,
That it is Jealousy's peculiar Nature
To swell small Things to Great; nay, out of Nought
To conjure much, and then to lose its Reason
Amid the hideous Phantoms it has form'd.

Alon. Had I ten Thousand Lives, I'd give them all
To be deceiv'd. I fear 'tis Dooms-day with me;
And yet she seem'd so pure, that I thought Heav'n
Borrow'd her Form for Virtue's self to wear,
To gain her Lovers with the Sons of Men.

[Exit Alonzo.]

Enter Isabella.

Zan. Thus far it works auspiciously. My Patient
Thrives underneath my Hand in Misery.
He's gone to think, that is, to be distracted.

Ifab. I overheard your Conference, and saw you,
To my Amazement, tear the Letter.

Zan. There,
 There, *Isabella*, I out-did my self.
 For tearing it, I not secure it only
 In its first Force; but superadd a new.
 For who can now the Character examine
 To cause a Doubt, much less detect the Fraud?
 And after tearing it, as loth to shew
 The foul Contents, if I should swear it now
 A Forgery, my Lord would disbelieve me,
 Nay more would disbelieve, the more I swore.
 But is the Picture happily dispos'd of?

Isab. It is.

Zan. That's well—— Ah! what is well? O Pang to think!

O dire Necessity! is this my Province?
 Whither, my Soul, ah! whither art thou sunk
 Beneath thy Sphere? E'er while, far, far above
 Such little Arts, Dissemblings, Falshoods, Frauds,
 The Trash of Villainy it self, which falls
 To Cowards and poor Wretches wanting Bread.
 Does this become a Soldier? this become
 Whom Armies follow'd, and a People lov'd?
 My Martial Glory withers at the Thought.
 But Great my End; and since there are no other,
 These Means are just, they shine with borrow'd Light,
 Illustrious from the Purpose they pursue.

And greater sure my Merit, who to gain
 A Point sublime, can such a Task sustain;
 To wade thro' Ways obscene, my Honour bend,
 And shock my Nature, to attain my End.
 Late Time shall wonder; That my Joys will raise;
 For Wonder is involuntary Praise.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Alonzo and Zanga.

ALONZO.



H, what a Pain to think! when, every
Thought,
Perplexing Thought, in Intricacies runs,
And Reason knits th' inextricable Toil,
In which herself is taken! I am lost,
Poor Insect that I am, I am involv'd,
And bury'd in the Web myself have wrought.
One Argument is balanc'd by another,
And Reason Reason meets in doubtful Fight,
And Proofs are countermin'd by equal Proofs.
No more I'll bear this Battel of the Mind,
This inward Anarchy; but find my Wife,
And to her tembling Heart presenting Death,
Force all the Secret from her.

Zan. O forbear!

You totter on the very Brink of Ruin.

Alon. What dost thou mean?

Zan. That will discover all,

And kill my Hopes. What can I think or do? [*Aside.*

Alon. What dost thou murmur?

Zan. Force the Secret from her!

What's Perjury to such a Crime as this?
Will she confess it then? O groundless Hope!
But rest assur'd, she'll make this Accusation,
Or false or true, your Ruin with the King;
Such is her Father's Power.

Alon. No more, I care not ;
Rather than Groan beneath this Load, I'll die.

Zan. But for what better will you change this Load ?
Grant you should know it, would not that be worse ?

Alon. No, it would cure me of my mortal Pangs :
By Hatred and Contempt, I should despise her ;
And all my Love-bred Agonies would vanish.

Zan. Ah ! were I sure of that, my Lord ———

Alon. What then ?

Zan. You should not hazard Life to gain the Secret.

Alon. What dost thou mean ? Thou know'st I'm on the
Rack ;

I'll not be play'd with, speak, if thou hast aught,
Or I this Instant fly to *Leonora*.

Zan. That is, to Death. My Lord, I am not yet
Quite so far gone in Guilt to suffer it,
Tho' gone too far, Heav'n knows---'Tis I am guilty.—
I have took Pains, as you I know observ'd,
To hinder you from diving in the Secret,
And turn'd aside your Thoughts from the Detection.

Alon. Thou dost confound me.

Zan. I confound myself,
And frankly own, though to my Shame I own it,
Nought but your Life in Danger could have torn
The Secret out, and made me own my Crime.

Alon. Speak quickly ; *Zanga*, speak.

Zan. Not yet, dread Sir :
First I must be assur'd, that if you find
The fair one guilty, Scorn, as you assur'd me,
Shall conquer Love and Rage, and heal your Soul.

Alon. Oh ! 'twill, by Heav'n.

Zan. Alas ! I fear it much,
And scarce can hope so far ; but I of this
Exact your solemn Oath, that you'll abstain
From all Self-Violence, and save my Lord.

Alon. I trebly swear.

Zan.

Zan. You'll bear it like a Man?

Alon. A God.

Zan. Such have you been to me, these Tears confess it.
And pour'd forth Miracles of Kindness on me:
And what Amends is now within my Pow'r,
But to confess, expose myself to Justice,
And as a Blessing claim my Punishment?
Know then, Don Carlos. ———

Alon. Oh!

Zan. You cannot bear it.

Alon. Go on, I'll have it, tho' it blast Mankind;
I'll have it all, and instantly. Go on.

Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of Night ———

Enter Leonora.

Leon. My Lord Alonzo, you are absent from us,
And quite undo our Joy.

Alon. I'll come, my Love:
Be not our Friends deserted by us both;
I'll follow you this Moment.

Leon. My good Lord,
I do observe Severity of Thought
Upon your Brow. Aught hear you from the Moors?

Alon. No, my Delight.

Leon. What then employ'd your Mind?

Alon. Thou, Love, and only Thou; so Heav'n be-
friend me,
As other Thought can find no Entrance here.

Leon. How good in you, my Lord, whom Nations
Cares
Sollicit, and a World in Arms obeys,
To drop one Thought on me!

[He shews the utmost Impatience.]

Alon. Dost thou then prize it?

Leon. Do you then ask it?

Alon. Know then to thy Comfort,
Thou hast me all, my throbbing Heart is full
With thee alone, I've thought of nothing else;
Nor shall, I from my Soul believe, till Death.
My Life, our Friends expect thee.

Leon. I obey.

[*Ex. Leon.*

Alon. Is that the Face of curs'd Hypocrisy?
If she is guilty, Stars are made of Darkness,
And Beauty shall no more belong to Heav'n——
Don Carlos did return at dead of Night:
Proceed, good *Zanga*, so thy Tale began.

Zan. *Don Carlos* did return at dead of Night;
That Night, by Chance (ill Chance for me) did I
Command the Watch that guards the Palace Gate.
He told me he had Letters for the King,
Dispatch'd from you.

Alon. The Villain ly'd.

Zan. My Lord,

I pray forbear—Transported at his Sight,
After so long a Bondage, and your Friend,
(Who could suspect him of an Artifice?)
No farther I enquir'd; but let him pass,
False to my Trust, at least imprudent in it.
Our Watch reliev'd, I went into the Garden
As is my Custom when the Night's serene,
And took a Moon-light Walk: When soon I heard
A rustling in an Arbour that was near me.
I saw two Lovers in each other's Arms,
Embracing and Embrac'd. Anon the Man
Arose, and falling back some Paces from her,
Gaz'd ardently awhile, then rush'd at once.
And throwing all himself into her Bosom,
There softly sigh'd; "O Night of Ecstasy!
"When shall we meet again? *Don Carlos* then
Led *Leonora* forth.

Alon. Oh! Oh my Heart! [He sinks into a Chair.

Zan.

Zan. Groan on, and with the Sound refresh my Soul.
 'Tis thro' his Heart, his Knees smite one another;
 'Tis thro' his Brain, his Eye-balls roll in Anguish. [*Aside.*
 My Lord, my Lord, why will you rack my Soul?
 Speak to me, let me know that you still live.
 Do you not know me, Sir? Pray look upon me;
 You think too deeply, I'm your own *Zanga*,
 So lov'd, so cherish'd, and so faithful to you.——
 Where start you in such Fury? Nay, my Lord,
 For Heav'n's sake sheath your Sword! What can this
 mean?

Fool that I was, to trust you with the Secret,
 And you unkind to break your Word with me.
 O Passion for a Woman! On the Ground?
 Where is your boasted Courage? Where your Scorn,
 And prudent Rage that was to cure your Grief,
 And chase your Love-bred Agonies away?
 Rise, Sir, for Honour's sake. Why should the *Moors*,
 Why should the Vanquish'd Triumph?

Alon. Would to Heaven,
 That I were lower still! Oh she was All!
 My Fame, my Friendship, and my Love of Arms,
 All stoop'd to her, my Blood was her Possession.
 Deep in the secret Foldings of my Heart
 She liv'd with Life, and far the dearer She.
 But — and no more — set Nature in a Blaze,
 Give her a fit of Jealousy ——— away——
 To think on't, is the Torment of the Damn'd;
 And not to think on't, is impossible.
 How fair the Cheek, that first alarm'd my Soul!
 How bright the Eye, that set it on a Flame!
 How soft the Breast, on which I laid my Peace
 For Years to slumber, unawak'd by Care!
 How fierce the Transport! How sublime the Bliss!
 How deep, how black the Horror, and Despair!

Zan. You said, you'd bear it like a Man.

Alon. I do.

Am I not most distracted ?

Zan. Pray be calm.

Alon. As Hurricanes: Be thou assur'd of that.

Zan. Is this the wife *Alonzo* ?

Alon. Villain, no.

He dy'd in the Arbour, he was murder'd there ;
I am his Dæmon tho' — My Wife! my Wife! —

Zan. Alas! he weeps.

Alon. Go, dig her Grave.

Zan. My Lord!

Alon. But that her Blood's too hot, I would carouse it
Around my Bridal Board.

Zan. And I would pledge thee. [*Aside.*

Alon. But I may talk too fast. Pray let me think,
And reason mildly. — Wedded and undone
Before one Night descends — O hasty Evil!
What Friend to comfort me in this Extreme!
Where's *Carlos*? Why is *Carlos* absent from me?
Does he know what has happen'd?

Zan. My good Lord!

Alon. O Depth of Horrors! He! — my Bosom
Friend?

Zan. Alas! compose yourself, my Lord.

Alon. To Death.

Gaze on her with both Eyes so ardently!
Give them the Vulturs, tear him all in Pieces!

Zan. Most excellent! [*Aside.*

Alon. Hark! You can keep a Secret.
In yonder Arbour bound with *Jessamin*,
Who's that? What Villain's that? unhand her —
Murder! —

Tear them asunder — Murder — How they grind
My Heart betwixt them! — O let go my Heart!
Yet let it go — *Embracing and Embrac'd!*

O Pesti-

O Pestilence! — Who let him in? a Traytor.

[Goes to stab Zanga, he prevents him,

Alas! my Head turns round, and my Limbs fail me.

Zan. My Lord!

Alon. O Villain, Villain, most accurst!

If thou didst know it, why didst let me wed?

Zan. Hear me, my Lord, your Anger will abate.

I knew it not, I saw them in the Garden;

But saw no more than you might well expect

To see in Lovers destin'd for each other.

By Heav'n, I thought their Meeting innocent.

Who could suspect fair *Leonora's* Virtue?

Till After-proofs conspir'd to blacken it;

Sad Proofs, which came too late, which broke not out

(Eternal Curses on *Alvarez's* Haste)

Till holy Rites had made the Wanton yours;

And then, I own, I labour'd to conceal it,

In Duty, and Compassion to your Peace.

Alon. Live now, be damn'd hereafter; for I want thee.

O *Night of Ecstasy!* — Ha! was't not so?

I will enjoy this Murder — Let me think —

The Jes'min Bow'r, 'tis secret and remote;

Go, wait me there, and take thy Dagger with thee.

[Exit. Zan.]

How the sweet Sound still sings within my Ear!

When shall we meet again? To-night, in Hell.

As he is going, Enter Leonora.

Ha! I'm surpriz'd, I stagger at her Charms:

O Angel-Devil! — Shall I stab her now?

No, it shall be as I had first determin'd:

To kill her now were half my Vengeance lost.

Then I must now dissemble — If I can.

Leon.

Leon. My Lord, excuse me ; see, a second Time
I come in Embassy from all your Friends,
Whose Joys are languid, uninspir'd by you.

Alon. This Moment, *Leonora*, I was coming
To thee, and all — but sure, or I mistake,
Or thou canst well inspire my Friends with Joy.

Leon. Why sighs my Lord ?

Alon. I sigh'd not, *Leonora*.

Leon. I thought you did ; your Sighs are mine, my
Lord,

And I shall feel them all.

Alon. Dost flatter me ?

Leon. If my Regards for you are Flattery,
Full far indeed I stretch'd the Compliment
In this Day's solemn Rite.

Alon. What Rite ?

Leon. You sport me.

Alon. Indeed I do ; my Heart is full of Mirth.

Leon. And so is mine — I look on Cheerfulness,
As on the Health of Virtue.

Alon. Virtue ! ——— Damn ———

Leon. What says my Lord ?

Alon. Thou art exceeding fair.

Leon. Beauty alone is but of little Worth ;
But when the Soul and Body of a Piece,
Both shine alike, then they obtain a Price,
And are a fit Reward for gallant Actions,
Heav'n's Pay on Earth for such great Souls as your's ;
If Fair and Innocent, I am your Due.

Alon. Innocent !

[*Aside.*

Leon. How ! my Lord, I interrupt you.

Alon. No, my best Life, I must not part with thee,
This Hand is mine. Oh ! What a Hand is here ?
So soft, Souls sink into it, and are lost !

Leon. In Tears, my Lord ?

Alon.

Alon. What less can speak my Joy ?
 I gaze, and I forget my own Existence ;
 'Tis all a Vision, my Head swims in Heav'n.
 Wherefore ? Oh ! wherefore this Expence of Beauty ?
 And wherefore ? Oh ! ———
 Why, I cou'd gaze upon thy Looks for ever,
 And drink in all my Being from thine Eyes ;
 And I could snatch a flaming Thunderbolt,
 And hurl Destruction. ———

Leon. How, my Lord ! What mean you ?
 Acquaint me with the Secret of your Heart,
 Or cast me out for ever from your Love.

Alon. Art thou concern'd for me ?

Leon. My Lord, you fright me.
 Is this the Fondness of your Nuptial Hour ?
 I am ill-us'd, my Lord, I must not bear it.
 Why, when I woo your Hand, is it deny'd me ?
 Your very Eyes, why are they taught to shun me ?
 Nay, my good Lord, I have a Title here,

[*Taking his Hand.*

And I will have it. Am I not your Wife ?
 Have not I just Authority to know
 That Heart, which I have purchas'd with my own ?
 Lay it before me then, it is my Due.
 Unkind *Alonzo*, tho' I might demand it,
 Behold, I kneel ! See, *Leonora* kneels,
 And deigns to be a Begger for her own !
 Tell me the Secret, I conjure you tell me,
 The Bride foregoes the Homage of her Day,
Alvarez' Daughter trembles in the Dust.
 Speak then, I charge you speak, or I expire,
 And load you with my Death. My Lord—my Lord !

Alon. Ha ! ha ! ha ! [He breaks from her, and she
 sinks upon the Floor.

Leon. Are these the Joys which fondly I conceiv'd ?
 And is it thus a wedded Life begins ?

What

What did I part with, when I gave my Heart?
 I knew not that all Happiness went with it.
 Why did I leave my tender Father's Wing,
 And venture into Love? The Maid that loves,
 Goes out to Sea upon a shatter'd Plank,
 And puts her Trust in Miracles for Safety.
 Where shall I sigh? where pour out my Complaints?
 He that should hear, should succour, should redress,
 He is the Source of all.

Alon. Go to thy Chamber,
 I soon will follow; that which now disturbs thee
 Shall be clear'd up, and thou shalt not condemn me.

[*Ex. Leon.*

Oh, how like Innocence she looks! What, stab her,
 And rush into her Blood? — I never can.
 In her Guilt shines, and Nature holds my Hand.
 How then? Why thus — No more; it is determin'd.

Enter Zanga.

Zan. I fear his Heart has fail'd him. She must die.
 Can I not rouse the Snake that's in his Bosom,
 To sting out human Nature, and effect it? [*Aside.*

Alon. This vast and solid Earth, that blazing Sun,
 Those Skies thro' which it rolls, must all have End.
 What then is Man? the smallest part of Nothing.
 Day buries Day, Month Month, and Year the Year,
 Our Life is but a Chain of many Deaths;
 Can then Death's self be fear'd? Our Life much rather.
 Life is the Desert, Life the Solitude,
 Death joins us to the great Majority:
 'Tis to be born to *Plato's*, and to *Cæsar*;
 'Tis to be Great for ever;
 'Tis Pleasure, 'tis Ambition then to die.

Zan. I think, my Lord, you talk'd of Death.

Alon.

Alon. I did.

Zan. I give Joy, then *Leonora's* Dead.

Alon. No, *Zanga*, no, the greatest Guilt is mine,
'Tis mine, who might have mark'd his Midnight Visit,
Who might have mark'd his *Tamenefs* to resign her,
Who might have mark'd her sudden Turn of Love:
These, and a Thousand Tokens more; and yet,
(For which the Saints absolve my Soul) did wed.

Zan. Where does this tend?

Alon. To shed a Woman's Blood
Would stain my Sword, and make my Wars inglorious;
But just Resentment to myself bears in it
A Stamp of Greatness above vulgar Minds.
He who, superior to the Checks of Nature,
Dares make his Life the Victim of his Reason,
Does in some sort that Reason deify,
And take a Flight at Heav'n.

Zan. Alas! my Lord,
'Tis not your Reason, but her Beauty finds
Those Arguments, and throws you on your Sword.
You cannot close an Eye that is so bright,
You cannot strike a Breast that is so soft,
That has ten Thousand Ecstasies in store —
For *Carlos*? — No, my Lord, I mean for you.

Alon. Oh! thro' my Heart, and Marrow! Pr'ythee
spare me;

Nor more upbraid the Weakness of thy Lord:
I own, I try'd, I quarrell'd with my Heart,
And push'd it on, and bid it give her Death;
But oh! her Eyes struck first, and murder'd me.

Zan. I know not what to answer to my Lord.
Men are but Men; we did not make ourselves.
Farewell then, my best Lord, since you must die.
O that I were to share your Monument,
And in eternal Darkness close these Eyes
Against those Scenes which I am doom'd to suffer!

Alon.

Alonz. What dost thou mean?

Zan. And is it then unknown?

O Grief of Heart, to think that you should ask it!
 Sure you distrust that ardent Love I bear you,
 Else could you doubt when you are laid in Dust —
 But it will cut my poor Heart thro' and thro'
 To see those revel on your sacred Tomb,
 Who brought you thither by their lawless Loves.
 For there they'll revel, and exult to find
 Him sleep so fast, who else would marr their Joys.

Alon. Distraction! ——— but *Don Carlos*, well
 thou know'st,

Is sheath'd in Steel, and bent on other Thoughts.

Zan. I'll work him to the Murder of his Friend;
 Yes, till the Fever of his Blood returns,
 While her last Kifs still glows upon his Cheek. [*Aside.*
 But when he finds *Alonzo* is no more,
 How will he rush like Lightning to her Arms!
 There sigh, there languish, there pour out his Soul;
 But not in Grief ——— sad Obsequies to thee ———
 But thou wilt be at Peace, nor see, nor hear
 The burning Kifs, the Sigh of Ecstasy,
 Their throbbing Hearts that juggle one another:
 Thank Heav'n, these Torments will be all my own.

Alon. I'll ease thee of that Pain. Let *Carlos* die,
 O'ertake him on the Road, and see it done.

'Tis my Command. [*Gives his Signet.*

Zan. I dare not disobey.

Alon. My *Zanga*, now I have thy leave to die.

Zan. Ah Sir! think, think again. Are all Men buried
 In *Carlos*' Grave? You know not Womankind.
 When once the throbbing of the Heart has broke
 The modest Zone, with which it first was ty'd,
 Each Man she meets will be a *Carlos* to her.

Alon. That Thought has more of Hell than had the
 Another, and another, and another!

(former.
 And

And each shall cast a Smile upon my Tomb!
I am convinc'd; I must not, will not die.

Zan. You cannot die; nor can you murder her.
What then remains? In Nature no third Way,
But to forget, and so to love again.

Alon. Oh!

Zan. If you forgive, the World will call you *Good*;
If you forget, the World will call you *Wise*;
If you receive her to your Grace again
The World will call you, *very, very kind*.

Alon. *Zanga*, I understand thee well. She dies,
Tho' my Arm tremble at the Stroke, she dies.

Zan. That's truly Great. What think you 'twas set up
The *Greek* and *Roman* Name in such a Lustre;
But doing Right in stern Despite to Nature,
Shutting their Ears to all her little Cries,
When Great, August, and God-like Justice call'd?
At *Aulis*, one pour'd out a Daughter's Life,
And gain'd more Glory than by all his Wars;
Another slew a Sister in just Rage;
A Third, the Theme of all succeeding Times,
Gave to the cruel Ax a darling Son.
Nay more, for Justice some devote themselves,
As he at *Carthage*, an immortal Name!
Yet there is one Step left above 'em all,
Above their History, above their Fable,
A Wife, Bride, Mistress unenjoy'd — do That,
And tread upon the *Greek* and *Roman* Glory.

Alon. 'Tis done — again new Transports fire my
I had forgot it, 'tis my Bridal Night. (Brain
Friend, give me Joy, we must be gay together,
See that the Festival be duly honour'd.

And when with Garlands the full Bowl is crown'd,
And Musick gives her elevating Sound,
And golden Carpets spread the sacred Floor,
And a new Day the blazing Tapers pour,

Thou,

Thou, *Zanga*, thou my solemn Friends invite,
 From the dark Realms of everlasting Night,
 Call Vengeance, call the Furies, call Despair,
 And Death our chief-invited Guest be there ;
 He with pale Hand shall lead the Bride, and spread
 Eternal Curtains round our Nuptial Bed. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Alonzo.

A L O N Z O.



Pitiful ! O terrible to Sight !
 Poor mangled Shade, all cover'd o'er with
 Wounds, (thee ?
 And so disguis'd with Blood ! Who murder'd
 Tell thy sad Tale, and thou shalt be reveng'd.
 Ha ! *Carlos* ? — Horror ! *Carlos* ? — Oh away !
 Go to thy Grave, or let me sink to mine.
 I cannot bear the Sight- — What Sight ? — Where am I ?
 There's nothing here — If this was Fancy's Work,
 She draws a Picture strongly. —————

Enter Zanga.

Zan. Ha ! — You're Pale.

Alon. Is *Carlos* murder'd ?

Zan. I obey'd your Order.

Six Ruffians overtook him on the Road ;
 He fought as he was wont, and four he slew,
 Then sunk beneath an hundred Wounds to Death.

His

His last Breath blest *Alonzo*, and desir'd,
His Bones might rest near yours.

Alon. O *Zanga!* *Zanga!* —

But I'll not think ; for I must act, and thinking
Would ruin me for Action. O the Medley
Of Right and Wrong! the Chaos in my Brain!
He should, and should not die — You should obey,
And not obey — It is a Day of Darknes,
Of Contradictions, and of many Deaths.
Where's *Leonora* then? Quick, answer me;
I'm deep in Horrors, I'll be deeper still. —
I find, thy Artifice did take Effect;
And she forgives my late Deportment to her.

Zan. I told her, from your Childhood you was wont
On any great Surprize, but chiefly then
When cause of Sorrow bore it Company,
To have your Passion shake the Seat of Reason,
A momentary Ill, which soon blew o'er.
Then did I tell her of *Don Carlos'* Death,
(Wisely suppressing by what means he fell)
And laid the Blame on that. At first she doubted;
But such the honest Artifice I us'd,
And such her ardent Wish it should be true,
That she, at length, was fully satisfy'd.

Alon. 'Twas well she was. In our late Interview,
My Passion so far threw me from my Guard
(Methinks 'tis strange!) that, conscious of her Guilt,
She saw not thro' its thin Disguise my Heart.

Zan. But what design you, Sir, and how?

Alon. I'll tell thee.

Thus I've ordain'd it. In the Jes'min Bow'r,
The Place which she dishonour'd with her Guilt,
There will I meet her, the Appointment's made;
And calmly spread (for I can do it now)
The Blackness of her Crime before her Sight,

And

And then, with all the cool Solemnity
Of publick Justice, give her to the Grave.

[Exit.

Zan. Why, get thee gone! Horror, and Night go with
Sisters of *Acheron*, go hand in hand, (thee!
Go dance around the Bow'r, and close them in;
And tell them that I sent you to salute them.
Profane the Ground, and for th'ambrosial Rose,
And Breath of Jessamin, let Hemlock blacken,
And deadly Nightshade poison all the Air.
For the sweet Nightingale may Ravens croak,
Toads pant, and Adders rustle thro' the Leaves;
May Serpents winding up the Trees, let fall
Their hissing Necks upon them from above,
And mingle Kisses — such as I should give them. [Exit.



SCENE, *The Bower.*

Leonora sleeping. Enter Alonzo.

Alon. **Y**E Amaranths! ye Roses, like the Morn!
Sweet Myrtles, and ye Golden Orange Groves!
Why do you smile? Why do you look so fair?
Are you not blasted as I enter in?
Yes, see how every Flow'r lets fall its Head!
How shudders every Leaf without a Wind!
How every Green is as the Ivy pale!
Did ever Midnight Ghosts assemble here?
Have these sweet Echoes ever learnt to groan?
Joy-giving, Love-inspiring, holy Bow'r!
Know, in thy fragrant Bosom thou receiv'st
A — Murderer. Oh! I shall stain thy Lillies,
And Horror will usurp the Seat of Bliss..
So *Lucifer* broke into Paradise,

And

And soon Damnation follow'd. [*He advances.*] Ha! she
sleeps ———

The Day's uncommon Heat has overcome her.
Then take, my longing Eyes, your last full Gaze.
Oh, what a Sight is here! How dreadful fair!
Who would not think that Being innocent?
Where shall I strike? Who strikes her, strikes himself.
My own Life-Blood will issue at her Wound.
O my distracted Heart! — O cruel Heav'n!
To give such Charms as those, and then call Man,
Meer Man, to be your Executioner.
Was it because it was too hard for you?
But see, she smiles! I never shall smile more.
It strongly tempts me to a parting Kiss.

[*Going, he starts back.*]

Ha! smile again? She dreams of him she loves.
Curse on her Charms! I'll stab her thro' them all.

[*As he is going to strike, she wakes.*]

Leon. My Lord, your Stay was long, and yonder Lull
Of falling Waters tempted me to Rest,
Dispirited with Noon's excessive Heat.

Alon. Ye Pow'rs! with what an Eye she mends the
Day!

While they were clos'd I should have giv'n the Blow. [*Aside.*]
O for a last Embrace! and then for Justice.
Thus Heav'n and I shall both be satisfy'd.

Leon. What says my Lord?

Alon. Why this *Alonzo* says.

If Love were endless, Men were Gods: 'Tis that
Does counter-balance Travel, Danger, Pain ———
'Tis Heav'n's Expedient to make Mortals bear
The Light, and cheat them of the peaceful Grave.

Leon. Alas! my Lord, why talk you of the Grave?
Your Friend is dead; in Friendship you sustain
A mighty Loss, repair it with my Love.

Alon.

Alon. Thy Love? Thou piece of Witchcraft! I wou'd
say,

Thou brightest Angel! I could gaze for ever.
Where hadst thou this? Enchantress, tell me where?
Which with a Touch works Miracles, boils up
My Blood to Tumults, and turns round my Brain!
Ev'n now thou swim'st before me. I shall lose thee.
No, I will make thee sure, and clasp thee all.
Who turn'd this slender Waste with so much Art,
And shut Perfection in so small a Ring?
Who spread that pure Expanse of White above,
On which the dazzled Sight can find no Rest;
But drunk with Beauty, wanders up and down
For ever, and for ever finds new Charms?
But, O those Eyes! those Murderers! O whence,
Whence didst thou steal their burning Orbs? from
Heav'n?

Thou didst; and 'tis Religion to adore them.

Leon. My best *Alonzo*, moderate your Thought:
Extremes still fright me, tho' of Love itself.

Alon. Extremes indeed! it hurried me away;
But I come home again — and now for Justice —
And now for Death — It is impossible —
Sure such were made by Heav'n guiltless to Sin,
Or in their Guilt to laugh at Punishment. [*Aside.*
I leave her to just Heav'n. [*Drops the Dagger, and goes off.*

Leon. Ha! a Dagger!
What dost thou say, thou Minister of Death?
What dreadful Tale dost tell me? Let me think.

Enter Zanga.

Zan. Death to my tow'ring Hopes! O fall from high!
My close long-labour'd Scheme at once is blasted.
That Dagger found will cause her to enquire,
Enquiry will discover all, my Hopes

Of Vengeance perish ; I myself am lost —
Curse on the Coward's Heart ! wither his Hand,
Which held the Steel in vain ! — What can be done ? —
Where can I fix ? — That's something still — 'twill breed
Fell Rage, and Bitterness betwixt their Souls,
Which may perchance grow up to greater Evil ;
If not, 'tis all I can ——— It shall be so ——— [*Aside.*

Leon. O *Zanga* ! I am sinking in my Fears.

Alonzo dropt this Dagger as he left me,
And left me in a strange Disorder too.
What can this mean ? Angels preserve his Life !

Zan. Yours, Madam, yours.

Leon. What, *Zanga*, dost thou say ?

Zan. Carry you Goodness then to such Extremes,
So blinded to the Faults of him you love,
That you perceive not he is jealous ?

Leon. Heav'ns !

And yet a thousand Things recur that swear it.
What Villain could inspire him with that Thought ?
It is not of the Growth of his own Nature.

Zan. Some Villain. Who, Hell knows ; but he is jealous ;
And 'tis most fit a Heart so pure as yours
Do itself Justice, and assert its Honour,
And make him conscious of his Stab to Virtue.

Leon. Jealous ! it sickens at my Heart. Unkind,
Ungenerous, groundless, weak, and insolent !
Why ? Wherefore ? On what Shadow of Occasion ?
'Tis Fascination, 'tis the Wrath of Heav'n
For the collected Crimes of all his Race.
Oh how the Great Man lessens to my Thought !
How could so mean a Vice as Jealousy,
Unnatural Child of Ignorance and Guilt,
Which tears and feeds upon its Parent's Heart,
Live in a Throng of such exalted Virtues ?
I scorn and hate, yet love him, and adore.

I cannot,

I cannot, will not, dare not think it true,
Till from himself I know it.

[Exit.

Zan. This succeeds
Just to my Wish. Now she with Violence
Upbraids him. He, well knowing she is guilty,
Rages no less, and if on either side
The Waves run high, there still lives hope of Ruin.

Enter Alonzo.

My Lord.

Alon. O *Zanga*! hold thy Peace, I am no Coward;
But Heav'n itself did hold my Hand; I felt it,
By the Well-being of my Soul, I did.
I'll think of Vengeance at another Season.

Zan. My Lord, her Guilt —

Alon. Perdition on thee, *Moor*,
For that one Word. Ah! do not rouse that Thought;
I have o'erwhelm'd it much as possible:
Away then, let us talk of other things.
I tell thee, *Moor*, I love her to Distraction.
If 'tis my Shame, why be it so — I love her;
Nor can I help it, 'tis impos'd upon me
By some superior and resistless Pow'r.
I could not hurt her to be Lord of Earth;
It shocks my Nature like a Stroke at Heav'n.
Angels defend her, as if innocent.
But see, my *Leonora* comes: — Be gone. [Ex. *Zanga*.

Enter Leonora.

O seen for ever! yet for ever new!
The Conquer'd thou dost conquer o'er again,
Inflicting Wound on Wound.

Leon. Alas, my Lord!

What need of this to me?

Alon. Ha! dost thou weep?

Leon. Have I no Cause?

Alon.

Alon. If Love is thy Concern,
Thou hast no Cause ; None ever lov'd like me.
But wherefore this ? Is it to break my Heart,
Which loses so much Blood for every Tear ?

Leon. Is it so tender ?

Alon. Is it not ? Oh Heav'n !
Doubt of my Love ? Why, I am nothing else ;
It quite absorbs my every other Passion.
O that this one Embrace would last for ever !

Leon. Could this Man ever mean to wrong my Virtue ?
Could this Man e'er design upon my Life ?
Impossible ! I throw away the Thought. [*Aside.*
These Tears declare how much I taste the Joy
Of being folded in your Arms and Heart ;
My Universe does lie within that space.
This Dagger bore false Witness.

Alon. Ha ! My Dagger ?
It rouses horrid Images. Away,
Away with it, and let us talk of Love,
Plunge our selves deep into the sweet Illusion,
And hide us there from every other Thought.

Leon. It touches you.

Alon. Let's talk of Love.

Leon. Of Death.

Alon. As thou lov'st Happiness——

Leon. Of Murder.

Alon. Rash,
Rash Woman, yet forbear.

Leon. Approve my Wrongs !

Alon. Then must I fly, for thy sake and my own.

Leon. Nay, by my Injuries, you first must hear me :
Stab me, then think it much to hear my Groan ?

Alon. Heav'ns, strike me deaf !

Leon. It well may sting you home.

Alon. Alas ! thou quite mistak'st my Cause of Pain.
Yet, yet dismiss me ; I am all in Flames.

D

Leon.

Leon. Who has most Cause? You, or my self? What Act
Of my whole Life encourag'd you to this?
Or of your own, what Guilt has drawn it on you?
You find me kind, and think me kind to all:
The weak, ungenerous Error of your Sex.
What could inspire the Thought? We oft'nest judge
From our own Hearts; and is your's then so frail,
It prompts you to conceive thus ill of me?
He that can stoop to harbour such a Thought,
Deserves to find it true. *[Holding him.]*

Alon. O Sex, Sex, Sex! *[Turning on her.]*
The Language of you all. Ill-fated Woman!
Why hast thou forc'd me back into the Gulph
Of Agonies, I had block'd up from Thought?
I know the Cause; thou saw'st me impotent
E'er while to hurt thee, therefore thou turn'st on me;
But, by the Pangs I suffer, to thy Woe.
For since thou hast replung'd me in my Torture,
I will be satisfy'd.

Leon. Be satisfy'd!

Alon. Yes, thy own Mouth shall witness it against thee.
I will be satisfy'd.

Leon. Of what?

Alon. Of what?

How dar'st thou ask that Question? Woman, Woman,
Weak, and assur'd at once; thus 'tis for ever.
Who told thee that thy Virtue was suspected?
Who told thee I design'd upon thy Life?
You found the Dagger; but that could not speak;
Nor did I tell thee; Who did tell thee then?
Guilt, conscious Guilt.

Leon. This to my Face? O Heav'n!

Alon. This to thy very Soul.

Leon. Thou'rt not in Earnest?

Alon. Serious as Death.

Leon.

Leon. Then Heav'n have Mercy on thee.
Till now I struggled not to think it true,
I fought Conviction, and would not believe it.
And dost thou force me? This shall not be born,
Thou shalt repent this Insult. [Going.

Alon. Madam, stay.
Your Passion's wife, 'tis a Disguise for Guilt:
'Tis my Turn now to fix you here awhile;
You, and your thousand Arts shall not escape me.

Leon. Arts?

Alon. Arts. Confess; for Death is in my Hand.

Leon. 'Tis in your Words.

Alon. Confess, confess, confess;

Nor tear my Veins with Passion to compel thee.

Leon. I scorn to answer thee, presumptuous Man!

Alon. Deny then, and incur a fouler Shame.

Where did I find this Picture?

Leon. Ha! Don Carlos?

By my best Hopes, more welcome than thy own.

Alon. I know it; but is Vice so very rank,
That thou should'st dare to dash it in my Face?
Nature is sick of thee, abandon'd Woman!

Leon. Repent.

Alon. Is that for me?

Leon. Fall, ask my Pardon.

Alon. Astonishment!

Leon. Dar'st thou persist to think I am dishonest?

Alon. I know thee so.

Leon. This Blow then to thy Heart——

[She stabs herself, he endeavouring to prevent her.]

Alon. Hoa! Zanga! Isabella! Hoa! She Bleeds.
Descend, ye blessed Angels, to assist her.

Leon. This is the only Way I would wound thee,
Tho' most unjust. Now think me guilty still.

Enter Isabella.

Alon. Bear her to instant Help. The World to save her.

Leon. Unhappy Man! well may'st thou gaze and tremble;

But fix thy Terror and Amazement right;
Not on my Blood, but on thy own Distraction.
What hast thou done? Whom censur'd? — *Leonora.*
When thou hadst censur'd, thou would'st save her Life;
O Inconsistent! Should I live in Shame,
Or stoop to any other Means but this,
To assert my Virtue? No: she who disputes,
Admits it possible she might be guilty.
While aught but Truth could be my Inducement to it,
While it might look like an Excuse to thee,
I scorn'd to vindicate my Innocence;
But now, I let thy Rashness know, the Wound
Which least I feel, is that my Dagger made.

[Isabella leads out Leonora.]

Alon. Ha! Was this Woman guilty? — and if not —
How my Thought darkens that Way! Grant, kind
Heaven,

That she prove guilty, or give Being End.
Is that my Hope then? — Sure the sacred Dust
Of her that bore me trembles in its Urn.
Is it in Man the fore Distress to bear,
When Hope it self is blacken'd to Despair,
When all the Bliss I pant for, is to gain
In Hell a Refuge from severer Pain? *[Exit Alonzo.]*

Enter Zanga.

Zan. How stands the great Account 'twixt me and
Vengeance?

'Tho' much is paid, yet still it owes me much,

And

And I will not abate a single Groan. ———
 Ha! That were well——but That were fatal too——
 Why be it so——Revenge so truly Great
 Would come too cheap, if bought with less than Life.
 Come Death, come Hell then, 'tis resolv'd, 'tis done.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ah! *Zanga*, see me tremble! has not yet
 Thy cruel Heart its fill? —— Poor *Leonora* ——
Zan. Welters in Blood, and gasps for her last Breath,
 What then? We all must die.

Isab. *Alonzo* raves,
 And in the Tempest of his Grief, has thrice
 Attempted on his Life. At length disarm'd,
 He calls his Friends that save him, his worst Foes,
 And importunes the Skies for swift Perdition.
 Thus in his Storm of Sorrow. After Pause
 He started up, and call'd aloud for *Zanga*,
 For *Zanga* rav'd; and see, he seeks you here,
 To learn that Truth, which most he dreads to know.

Zan. Be gone. Now, now, my Soul, consummate all.

Enter Alonzo.

[Exit Isab.]

Alon. O *Zanga*!

Zan. Do not tremble so; but speak.

Alon. I dare not.

[Falls on him.]

Zan. You will drown me with your Tears.

Alon. Have I not Cause?

Zan. As yet you have no Cause.

Alon. Dost thou too rave?

Zan. Your Anguish is to come.
 You much have been abus'd.

Alon. Abus'd! by whom?

Zan. To know, were little Comfort.

Alon. Oh! 'twere much.

Zan. Indeed!

Alon. By Heav'n. O give him to my Fury!

Zan. Born for your Use, I live but to oblige you.
Know then, 'twas ——— I.

Alon. Am I awake?

Zan. For ever.

Thy Wife is guiltless, that's one Transport to me,
And I, I let thee know it; that's another.
I urg'd Don *Carlos* to resign his Mistress,
I forg'd the Letter, I dispos'd the Picture;
I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy.

Alon. Oh!

[Swoons.]

Zan. Why this is well ——— why this is Blow for Blow.

Where are you? Crown me, shadow me with Laurels,
Ye Spirits, which delight in just Revenge.
Let *Europe* and her palid Sons go weep,
Let *Africk* and her hundred Thrones rejoyce.
O my dear Countrymen! look down, and see,
How I bestride your prostrate Conqueror!
I tread on haughty *Spain*, and all her Kings.
But this is Mercy, this is my Indulgence,
'Tis Peace, 'tis Refuge from my Indignation.
I must awake him into Horrors. Ho!

Alonzo, ho! the *Moor* is at the Gate;
Awake, Invincible, Omnipotent!
Thou who dost all subdue.

Alon. Inhuman Slave!

Zan. Fall'n Christian, thou mistak'st my Character,
Look on me. Who am I? I know, thou say'st,
The *Moor*, a Slave, an abject, beaten Slave
(Eternal Woes to him that made me so)
But look again. Has six Years cruel Bondage
Extinguish'd Majesty so far, that nought
Shines here, to give an Awe of one above thee?
When the great *Moorish* King *Abdalla* fell,
Fell by thy Hand accurs'd, I fought fast by him,
His Son, tho', thro' his Fondness, in Disguise,

Lefs

Lefs to expose me to th' ambitious Foe.
 Ha! does it wake thee? O'er my Father's Corfe
 I stood astride, till I had clove thy Crest,
 And then was made the Captive of a Squadron,
 And sunk into thy Servant ——— But Oh! what,
 What were my Wages? Hear nor Heav'n, nor Earth!
 My Wages were a Blow, by Heav'n, a Blow,
 And from a mortal Hand.

Alon. O Villain! Villain!

Zan. All Strife is vain. [Shewing a Dagger.

Alon. Is thus my Love return'd?

Is this my Recompence? Make Friends of Tigers!
 Lay not your Young, O Mothers, on the Breast,
 For fear they turn to Serpents as they lie,
 And pay you for their Nourishment with Death.
Carlos is dead, and *Leonora* dying;
 Both innocent, both murder'd, both by me.
 That heav'nly Maid, which should have liv'd for ever,
 At least have gently slept her Soul away;
 Whose Life should have shut up as Evening Flow'rs
 At the departing Sun ——— was murder'd! murder'd!
 O Shame! O Guilt! O Horror! O Remorse!
 O Punishment! Had Satan never fell,
 Hell had been made for me ——— O *Leonora*!

Zan. Must I despise thee too, as well as hate thee?
 Complain of Grief, complain thou art a Man.

Priam from Fortune's lofty Summit fell,
 Great *Alexander* 'midst his Conquests mourn'd,
 Heroes and Demi-gods have known their Sorrows,
Cæsars have wept, and I have had my Blow:
 But 'tis reveng'd, and now my Work is done.
 Yet, e'er I fall, be it one part of Vengeance,
 To make thee confess that I am just.
 Thou seest a Prince, whose Father thou hast slain,

Whose

Whose native Country thou hast laid in Blood,
 Whose sacred Person (Oh!) thou hast profan'd,
 Whose Reign extinguish'd: What was left to me
 So highly born? No Kingdom, but Revenge;
 No Treasure, but thy Tortures, and thy Groans.
 If Men should ask who brought thee to thy End,
 Tell them, the Moor, and they will not despise thee.
 If cold white Mortals censure this great Deed,
 Warn them, they judge not of superior Beings,
 Souls made of Fire, and Children of the Sun,
 With whom Revenge is Virtue. Fare thee well —
 Now fully satisfy'd I should take leave;
 But one thing grieves me, since thy Death is near,
 I leave thee my Example how to die.

As he is going to stab himself, Alonzo rushes upon him to prevent him. In the mean time, Enter Alvarez attended. They disarm and seize Zanga. Alonzo puts the Dagger in his Bosom.

Alon. No, Monster, thou shalt not escape by Death.
 Oh Father!

Alv. O Alonzo — Isabella,
 Touch'd with Remorse to see her Mistress' Pangs,
 Told all the dreadful Tale.

Alon. What Groan was that?

Zan. As I have been a Vultur to thy Heart,
 So will I be a Raven to thine Ear,
 And true as ever snuff'd the Scent of Blood,
 As ever flap't its heavy Wing against
 The Window of the Sick, and croak'd Despair.
 Thy Wife is dead.

[Alvarez goes to the side of the Stage, and returns.

Alv. The dreadful News is true.

Alon. Prepare the Rack, invent new Torments for
 (him.
 Zan.

Zan. This too is well. The fix'd and noble Mind
 Turns all Occurrence to its own Advantage,
 And I'll make Vengeance of Calamity.
 Were I not thus reduc'd, thou would'st not know,
 That, thus reduc'd, I dare defy thee still.
 Torture thou may'st ; but thou shalt ne'er despise me.
 The Blood will follow where the Knife is driven,
 The Flesh will quiver where the Pincers tear,
 And Sighs and Cries by Nature grow on Pain.
 But these are foreign to the Soul : Not mine
 The Groans that issue, or the Tears that fall ;
 They disobey me ; on the Rack I scorn thee,
 As when my Fauchion clove thy Helm in Battle.

Alv. Peace, Villain !

Zan. While I live, Old Man, I'll speak,
 And well I know thou dar'st not kill me yet ;
 For that wou'd rob thy Blood-hounds of their Prey.

Alon. Who call'd Alonzo ?

Alv. No one call'd, my Son.

Alon. Again! — 'tis Carlos' Voice, and I obey.
 Oh how I laugh at all that this can do !

[Shewing the Dagger.

The Wounds that pain'd, the Wounds that murder'd me,
 Were giv'n before ; I am already dead,
 This only marks my Body for the Grave.

[Stabs himself.

Africk, thou art reveng'd — O Leonora! — [Dies.

Zan. Good Ruffians, give me leave, my Blood is yours,
 The Wheel's prepar'd, and you shall have it all ;
 Let me but look one Moment on the Dead,
 And pay yourselves with gazing on my Pangs.

[He goes to Alonzo's Body.

Is this Alonzo ? Where's the haughty Mien ?
 Is that the Hand which smote me ? Heav'ns, how pale !
 And art thou dead ? So is my Enmity.
 I war not with the Dust : the Great, the Proud,

The

The Conqueror of *Africk* was my Foe.
 A Lion preys not upon Carcasses.
 This was thy only Method to subdue me.
 Terror and Doubt fall on me, all thy Good
 Now blazes; all thy Guilt is in the Grave.
 Never had Man such Funeral Applause;
 If I lament thee, sure thy Worth was great.
 Oh Vengeance! I have follow'd thee too far,
 And to receive me Hell blows all her Fires.

[He is born off]

Alv. Dreadful Effect of Jealousy! a Rage
 In which the Wife with Caution will engage;
 Reluctant long, and tardy to believe,
 Where sway'd by Nature we our selves deceive,
 Where our own Folly joins the Villain's Art,
 And each Man finds a *Zanga* in his Heart. [Exe.]


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EPILOGUE.

By a Friend.

UR Author sent me, in an humble Strain,
To beg you'd bless the Offspring of his
Brain:

And I your Proxy promis'd in your Name,
The Child shou'd live, at least six Days of Fame.
I like the Brat, but still his Faults can find,
And, by the Parent's leave, will speak my Mind.

Gallants, pray tell me, do you think 'twas well,
To let a willing Maid lead Apes in Hell?
You, nicer Ladies, shou'd you think it Right,
To eat no Supper——on your Wedding Night?
Shou'd English Husbands dare to starve their Wives,
Be sure they'd lead most Comfortable Lives!
But he loves Mischief, and with Groundless Fears,
Wou'd fain set loving Couples by the Ears;
Wou'd spoil the tender Husbands of our Nation,
By teaching them his Vile, Outlandish Fashion:
But we've been taught in our good-natur'd Clime,
That Jealousy, tho' Just, is still a Crime,
And will be still (for not to blame the Plot)
That same Alonzo was a stupid Sot,
To kill a Bride, a Mistress unenjoy'd;
'Twere some Excuse, had the poor Man been cloy'd:

E P I O G U E.

*To kill her on Suspicion, e'er he knew
 Whether the heinous Crime were false, or true. —
 The Priest said Grace, she met him in the Bower,
 In hopes she might anticipate an Hour. —
 Love was her Errand, but the hot-brain'd Spaniard,
 Instead of Love——produc'd——a filthy Poinard. —
 Had he been Wise, at this their private Meeting,
 The Proof o' th' Pudding had been in the Eating.
 Madam had then been pleas'd, and Don contented,
 And all this Blood and Murder been prevented.
 Britons, be Wise, and from this sad Example,
 Ne'er break a Bargain, but first take a Sample.*

F I N I S.

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